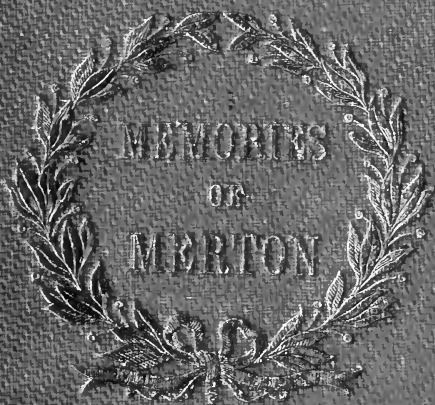




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MEMORIES
OF
MERTON



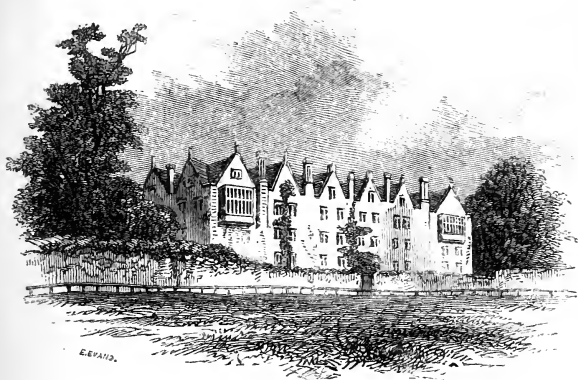
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Memories of Menton.

BY JOHN BRUCE NORTON.



"Me juvat hesternis positum languere corollis."—PROPERTIUS.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY SMITH, ELDER AND CO.,
LITTLE GREEN ARBOUR COURT, OLD BAILEY, E.C.

Dedication.

To J. E. G.

" Sweet memory ! wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life renews."

ROGERS.

A VOLUNTARY exile from the shore
Of my forefathers, my dear native land,
Buoyant with hope, and schemes how vainly plann'd,
I came ; for, like the Nautilus, I bore
My home above the waves I ventured o'er.
Two little years are gone. Death's cruel hand
Hath smitten, scatter'd that dear household band
Whose unity was never touch'd before.
Blame not the verse, my friend, if banishment
Hath made me rather turn unto the past
Than to what is or shall be—temperate sadness
Best suits my alter'd fortunes ; my intent
Hath been to soothe the present ; so I cast
My thoughts back on my hours of former gladness.



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Preface.

THE composition of these Sonnets, as their internal evidence shows, has extended over many years. Begun in a season of great grief, to wile away the weary hours that followed on a sudden and most severe domestic calamity, they have been continued for pleasure's sake, from time to time, though at different places and under very different moods of mind. Still it is hoped that there is sufficient community between them, taken as a consecutive whole, to justify their claims to the title first chosen. The leading idea has never been abandoned, and while thoughts have clustered round it, the author trusts that, although here and there a sonnet, if isolated from its fellows, might seem to the cursory reader to have but little, if any, affinity with "Memories" of Merton; yet the candid critic who regards the volume as a whole, will not complain that there is any want of legitimate sequence from one sonnet to another; or that the thoughts are not linked

together in an unconstrained, if not natural connection, order, and arrangement.

It may be proper to notice that several of the sonnets, such as the 92nd and the 100th, are little more than paraphrases of certain striking passages in well-known prose authors.



I.

Introductory.

"Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."—HORACE.

BE the wide seas for wealth or pleasure crost,
Whate'er the cause men change the skies above,
Associations, recollections, love,
Change not with climate, and are never lost.
Now, on life's stormy ocean tempest-tost,
We look on them as happy havens, where
Our barques rode idly when the sky was fair.
Therefore from India's plains and gems of cost,
The scenes and guerdon of my manhood's strife,
Willing I turn me to the bygone hours
Pass'd in the calm of academic life—

Lo! slowly rise, at Fancy's wizard call,
Thy gardens, Merton, and monastic hall;
Thy walks, groves, shades, and visionary towers!

II.

The Gate-Clay.

"Ad ogni uccello suo nido è bello."—*Italian Proverb.*

"Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora."—*HORACE.*

Not with that breathless haste and startling knock
With which, old Gate-way, in the days of yore
I thunder'd nightly at your wicket door,
Rousing the sleepy porter with the shock,
While midnight chimes rang out from many a clock,
If e'er from India's plains returning home,
Before thy venerable arch I come,
Shall I make clank thy chains, and hinges rock :
But should my footfall be no longer bold,
My hand strike weakly, my thin locks be gray,
My eye shine dim, my very heart feel old
In the long path to wealth, a weary way,
Dear porch, still on thee shall I fondly gaze,
With all the love, not dread, of earlier days.

[The College Gates close at nine, after which those who "knock in" pay a small fine to the porter, increasing in magnitude according to the lateness of the hour, until 12 o'clock ;—anyone who comes in after that hour is pretty sure of a reprimand, if not an imposition, from the college authorities, to whom the list is taken every morning.]

III.

The Hall.

"Where are you with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me or parted,
Flown like morning clouds a thousand ways."

JAMES MONTGOMERIE.

HALL! where an Emp'ror deign'd to feast, I see
Thy lofty roof, thy giant hearth, where blaz'd
Too liberal flame: thy haughty dais, raised
O'er the stone floor with proud distinction, free
Only for social foot of high degree;
Thy polish'd tables, and the Tutor's chair;
This for long lecture, those for simple fare,
Thy portraits, all are present; but for me
Gone is thy magic with the vanish'd crowd
Who met light-hearted at the daily board,
When thou didst ring with jest and laughter loud.
Far parted now, we toil no more to meet—
What care I though through thee light laugh be
pour'd;
And thou dost echo still to youthful feet?

[During the time that the "allied Sovereigns" were at Oxford, in the year 1814, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, took up his quarters at Merton, a fact commemorated by a marble tablet let into the wall, and inscribed with a Latin legend, in gilt letters, as well as by a magnificent vase of porphyry, or green jasper, which stands in the entrance to the Warden's lodgings. For the benefit of the uninitiated, or, I should say, "unma-triculated," I may mention that the dais was set apart for the Fellows of the college, and that we had not only our daily dinner, but lecture in this hall.]

IV.

The Hall.

(Continued.)

“Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum.”—MILTON.

DEAR friends of youth ! I have not found your peers,
And shall not. That first unsuspecting mart,
Where young affections barter without art,
Hath closed on me for ever ! Though late years
Have made familiar pomp which not endears,
And intellect that awes, I yearn apart
For the fresh blossoms of the opening heart,
And Love's voice, filling not alone the ears.

So when I mark the flowers of gorgeous hue,
Which from the depths of India's jungle spring
Scentless ; and when her silent birds I view
Glance, gleam-like, by, on sunbeam-painted wing,
Heart-sick I long, the while I weary roam,
For the brown warblers, hedge-row sweets of home.

V.
The Library.

"The monument of vanish'd minds."—D'AVENANT.

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

"Velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris."—HORACE.

QUAINT gloomy chamber, oldest relic left
Of monkish quiet; like a ship thy form,
Stranded keel upward by some sudden storm,
Now that a safe and polished age hath cleft [theft,
Locks, bars, and chains, that saved thy tomes from
May Time, a surer robber, spare thine age,
And reverence each huge black-lettered page,
Of real boards and gilt-stamp'd leather reft.
Long may ambitious student here unseal
The secret mysteries of classic lore ;
Though urg'd not by that blind and aimless zeal,
With which, within these walls, the Scot of yore,
Fasting, to copy through the Bible tried,
'Tis said ; and with the last word finished, died.

[The Library was one of the oldest parts of the building, and indeed one of the earliest pieces of architecture in Oxford. There are still a few of the older volumes chained to bars which run across the different bookcases, and it was here that Duns Scotus, a Fellow of Merton, is said to have carried through his vow to make a copy of the Bible without tasting meat or drink. He completed his task, says the legend, and died just as he had written the last word. A curious picture of him engaged at his labour is preserved in the Bodleian.]

VI.

The Art of Writing.

"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam."—HORACE.

A MILLION million blessings from each Age,
And every Land, and Nation, on his head,
Who first of men imagined how to spread
The eloquent thought upon the silent page !
All honour to the unremember'd sage
Who strangled Time, all distance conquered ;
Link'd the weak Living to the mighty Dead ;
And shelter'd Wisdom from Oblivion's rage !

Whether in simple knots, or painted scroll,
Or hieroglyph, or arrow-headed sign,
Are track'd the footprints of the infant Art,
The Giant now hath half pluck'd from Death's dart
Its feather ; all portray'd the vanished soul—
Doth it not hint of origin divine ?

VII.

Polite Education — Words.

“Here, therefore, is the first distemper of learning, when men study words, not matter.”—*Advancement of Learning*.

“Quæ
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.”—HORACE.

SHAME on the sluggish apathy which nods
Lethargic on the supreme Lecture Chair,
While Life's best golden years of promise wear
Away their hope in grinding Greek 'neath rods :
When Youth, which might become as wise as Gods,
Is fashioned to a glossary of bare
Dead words, more prized if obsolete and rare,
And Toil the millhorse round of Language plods.

Doubtless they have their beauty, each old Tongue,
And one in every thousand minds may store
With charms against the listlessness of Age ;
Yet who would waste his whole prime on a page
Of the vast Book of Learning, as if more
Might not be safe for the much-curious Young ?

VIII.

Polite Education — Things.

“Nay, 'tis dishonourable to men, if, in our age, the regions of the material world, that is, the earth, the ocean, and the heavenly bodies, are discovered and displayed to a vast extent, but the boundaries of the intellectual world are still fixed within the narrow space and knowledge of the ancients.”—BACON, *Interpretation of Nature*.

FEED me with Things, not Words alone, the Mind
An-hungered and a-thirst for knowledge, cries ;
Teach me to know and love the mysteries
Of Nature ; this orb's face and structure ; lined
With what rich minerals ; what the powers that bind
Atoms together by affinities ;
Forces : and all the motions of the skies :
Each living thing after its form and kind,
Whether it walks, or crawls, or swims, or flies :
Herbs, up from hyssop to the trees that rise
Highest on Lebanon : what hath refined,
Best govern'd, or made wealthiest mankind ;
And every sister Art which beautifies
Our social life, or any want supplies.

IX.

The University Commission.

“For not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle ; but to know
That which before us lies in daily use,
Is the prime wisdom.”

Δεῖ δ' ἐλεύθερον εἶναι τὸν μέλλοντα φιλοσοφεῖν.—PTOLEMY.

A VOICE came o'er the sea that thou wert loth,
Oxford, to bare thee to the coming search :
Lessen thy proud sails ere thy vessel lurch ;
Her hull is of much-venerable growth.
Thine hope to fetter progress, by my troth,
Is feeble as the Bull of Romish Church
Hurl'd at old Galileo, to unperch
Earth from its axis, and decree its sloth.

Stretch out thine Æson arms to the kind leech :
Open thy veins : let forth thy time-dull'd blood :
Infuse the fresh invigorating flood
Drawn from the fathom'd wells of living Truth ;
Flourish again in renovated youth ;
And mingle modern things with ancient speech.

X.

The Baconian Philosophy.

“Homo, naturæ minister et interpret.”—*Novum Organon*.

His the true aim of Learning, who first sought
No couch luxurious for the mind's repose ;
No stately tower for pomp and idle shows ;
No terrace whence a fair view might be caught ;
No vantage-ground for battle to be fought ;
No shop wherein his trinkets to expose ;
But a rich storehouse all things to enclose
Thither for Man's good or God's glory brought ;
Who left those heights where all were wont to err,
For Science' lowliest places ; thence to rise,
Step after step, to heights of loftier scan ;*
Who scorned the wisdom of the ancient wise ;
Tried Truth by practice ; humbly looked on Man
As Nature's servant and interpreter.

* Neque enim in plano via sita est, sed ascendendo et descendendo ; ascendendo primo ad axiomata, descendendo ad opera.”—*Novum Organon*.

[It is perhaps superfluous to observe that this Sonnet is little more than a paraphrase of a well-known passage in Bacon.]

XI.

Bacon.



“He has displayed a reach of thought and a justness of anticipation which, when compared with the discoveries of the two succeeding centuries, seem frequently to partake of the nature of prophecy.”—DUGALD STEWART.



BACON ! between two worlds thy wondrous stand,
The dark Past and bright Future, like the star
That heralds in the morning ! Thou from far,
As with a prophet's glance, didst view the land
Of promise, rais'd by thine Ithuriel wand ;
Like Judah's Law-giver of old, whose car
Halted on Pisgah, whilst his death-gaze saw
The milk-and-honey-flowing plains at hand.
Thou too, when loud the murmuring nations cried,
Fainting in Error's wilderness for thirst,
Didst smite the rock with barrenness long curst ;
Then forth gushed streams that ever flow more wide
On to Eternal Wisdom's Ocean-shore,
Where finite Reason stops, her wanderings o'er.

XII.

On the Study of Plato.

“They enjoyed no succession of prophets, passing the torch of truth from hand to hand ; no apostolic illumination, to be a light to their feet and an illumination to their paths. Nature, alone, was their teacher.”—THEODORET.

Not to The Book alone should we confine
Our knowledge and our search for moral rules ;
But with the Gospel for our lamp, the tools
Of Thought may safely dig in Plato's mine ;
For there bright veins of natural riches shine.
True that the labourers of the heathen Schools
Toiled on in darkness, simple babes and fools,
By Nature's feeble light and Reason's line ;
For not for them, as us, the Prophet-band
Was station'd in dark crypt and deep recess,
To pass the torch of Truth from hand to hand ;
Yet, lit by Bible beams, their labyrinths show
They struck with useful, if uncertain, blow ;
The wisdom of the Greeks, not foolishness.

XIII.

On the Study of Plato.

(Continued.)

"For they are like those birds of song which imitate the voice of man, but know not the meaning of the words they utter."—THEODORET.

As birds which imitate the voice of man,
Know not the meaning of the words they speak,
So of the things of God argued the Greek,
Darkly, as through a glass, viewing His plan;
And often thence the words in error ran :
Therefore, as in a garden, where we seek
Fair flowers with spangled eyes and velvet cheek,
Weeds not unfrequent mingle ; so we scan
Error and Truth in Plato side by side ;
But we may leave the one, the other pluck :
Or rather, with the wisdom of the bee,
Honey alike from weed and flowret suck ;
Like skilful leeches who with care divide
The balm and venom of the poisonous tree.

XIV.

The Debate — a Warning.

"Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo."—HORACE.

THOU of commanding presence, with a tongue
Of fire, around whose lips in infancy
Cluster'd in honied swarms the Attic bee,
Shun the debate : rise not to speak among
Thy co-mates : spurn the incense of the young :
Spin not from slender base fine sophistry,
Like to the worm, that fastening on the tree,
In empty air its fragile thread hath flung.
Let Knowledge' sure foundations deep be laid :
Order and Thought on all thy studies tend :
Take virgin Truth for thine Egerian maid :
Not as a trenchant faulchion, but a shield,
Aristotelian weapons learn to wield :*
Conviction, not persuasion, be thine end.

* So Faulconbridge says :—

"Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn."

XV.

The Debate—a Warning.

(Continued.)

“First cast out the beam out of thine own eye.”—*St. Matt. vii. 5.*

“Est proprium stultitiæ aliorum vitia cernere; oblivisci suorum.”—
CICERO.

YOUNG patriot! who in after times shall make
Laws for the people, in the Senate rise,
Not like the forum-lawyer, Belial-wise,
To twist the worse the better form to take;
Nor for a momentary triumph's sake
Seek by sarcastic jest the short surprise;
Nor think thine adversary always lies;
Nor harp for ever on thy foe's mistake.
But thine own Party's failings oft-times weigh,
(If Government through Party must be wrought;)
Learn the just value of each claptrap name;
Urge not the mob to constant change, nor stay
Thy needful yielding till the gift be nought;—
So shalt thou earn the real Statesman's name.

XVI.

Sycophancy.

“Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours.”—*Henry VIII.*

“Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.
O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ quantisque periculis
Digitur hoc ævi quodcunque 'st.”—*Lucretius*, l. i.

“Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me: I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me. I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her.”
—*Book of Wisdom*, vii. 7, 8.

“I charge thee, fling away ambition—
By that sin fell the angels.”—*Henry VIII.*

GREAT God! that men should stoop, cringe, toil, and
sweat,
Lie, flatter, sell their honour and their soul,
For a vain title, or a ribbon-roll,
A garter, or a star, or coronet,
And gnaw their hearts in anger or regret,
Because their peer or younger brother stole,
By the same arts, before them to the goal;
As if Life had no nobler aim; and yet
The Learning of the Past unmaster'd lies:
Coy Nature courts their cunning to unseal
Her charms, her magic, and her mysteries
In ocean, earth, and midnight's starry skies;
And the Poor's wants shout for the common-weal
With a voice louder than a thunder-peal.

XVII.

Statesmanship.

“With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care.”—*Paradise Lost*.

“Mordear opprobriis falsis mutemque colores ?
Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et medicandum ?”—*HORACE*.

“No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?”
SHAKSPEARE.

UNLESS thine be that calm high fortitude
Which can long suffer slander with disdain,
Leaving to Time the Avenger to maintain
Thy motives, purity, and love of good :
Unless thou be of that unplastic mood
Which bends not to the Expedient to gain
The triumph of to-day ; unless thy fane
Be Right : unless thou lov'st the multitude
Even with a father's love ; their fickle breath
Not courting ; and not fearing to withstand
Their fury, though thou know'st their hate is death :
Unless Peace be the watchword on thy lip,
Justice the sword and sceptre in thy hand,
Tempt not the dangerous craft of statesmanship.

XVIII.

Individuality.



"Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ."—HORACE.

"Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore."—HORACE.



HE who would stand from out the rank and file
Of men, let him well steel him 'gainst man's scorn
And calumny ; take cross and crown of thorn.

As some bold promontory's lonely pile,
Stretching out oceanward for many a mile,
Stands by the fretful waves, spat on and torn,
Is he who in his fellows' van hath borne
The banner of Opinion, without guile.

Hold on, brave heart ! Though on the mountain-
peak
Thy cell of banishment and solitude,
Earth's storms are under foot, calm Heav'n o'erhead :
Pilgrims unborn thine honour'd grave shall seek :
All hearts, all time, bear record of thy good :
Christ lives ; and Socrates was never dead.

XIX.

Caps and Gowns.

"Qui stultus honores
Sæpe dat indignis et famæ servat ineptæ."—HORACE.

"I have had dreams of greatness, glorious dreams
How I would play the lord ;
I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds ;
I do not make the accident of birth
The standard of their merit."—MRS. HALL.

"Dulcis inexpertis cultura nolentis amici,
Expertus metuit."—HORACE.

I QUARREL not with outward marks of rank
When for display fit place or season calls :
But yet in Learning's democratic halls
All men should meet as equals, free and frank :
And when I see a stale old fashion prank
The lordling in a tag of gold that falls
O'er his cap's velvet, mid gray cloister walls,
I call to mind dear Harrow's sunny bank,
Where yesterday beheld us playful peers ;
And think, as Knowledge owns no royal road,
This haste to mark out station doth unteach
The liberal lesson of late school-boy years ;
And that 'twere wise if Alma Mater show'd
Her sons rule uniform for all and each.

XX.

C u s t o m .

“Apis api.”

“Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.”—HORACE.

I SAW hag Custom with time-polish'd rule
Driving the million like a flock of sheep,
Or the swine, demon-entered, down the steep,
Broad, smooth-worn, straight : the trees some garden
tool

Had clipp'd, poll'd, squar'd : beside a stagnant pool
She stopp'd and sate, her mirror, still and deep,
Glassy and lifeless : there she fell asleep.

There came soliloquizing by a fool :

“Oh, aye,” he cried, “sleep on, my dame ;” then
bow'd,

Mocking and jibing at the herd : “Stoop, quaff

“This Lethe : then be driven : trust in sooth :

“Think never : fashion, faith your guide, not truth :

“*You call me fool,*” then laughing a low laugh,

Threw bauble, cap, and bells, among the crowd.

XXI.
Fellow's Life.

"Doctus sine operâ est ut nubes sine pluviâ."—*Arabian Proverb.*

"If not to some peculiar end assigned,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim—
A chace for sport alone, and not for game."—*YOUNG.*

"To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning. I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves."

Religio Medici.

"The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech."—*WYCHERLY'S Maxims.*

"Nec sibi sed toto genitum se credere mundo."

ALAS ! what learning with each scholar dies !
Therefore should all their gather'd knowledge *write* ;
And so their good outlive them, and delight
All future generations that arise :
Thus do the pour'd out treasures of the wise
Enrich man's heart, and glad the common sight,
Like river-streams which in their bounteous might
Earth beautify at once, and fertilize.

He who in cloisters for himself lays bare
True Knowledge' source, and climbs the sun-capt tops
Of craggy Science, though much mark'd of all,
Is like a fountain which shoots up its fair
Column of waters—but the sparkling drops
Back to its basin, unproductive, fall.

[Dante draws a terrible picture of those "senza infamia" and "senza lodo," who, he says, "never lived," who have not improved their time and talents, but dragged out on earth a useless sort of neutral existence, and now have their portion "Degli angeli che non furon ribelli :"]

"Ne per fedeli a Dio ma per *se* foro."—*Inferno.*]

XXII.

Fellow's Life.

(Continued.)



"Manners are always propagated downwards."—SMYTHE'S *Lectures*.



FROM high to low, from rich to poor, the spread
Of learning ; as the kindling light of morn
Strikes the high peaks ; then down the hills 'tis borne
To vales in thickest darkness shadowed,
Till with rich sunshine touch'd, each cottage shed
Smiles out from grass-green nook and golden corn :—
So on some glassy pool, its centre torn
By lustrous pebble, to the marge are sped,
In ever widening undulation, rings
Of wavy waters.—Ye with time and wealth,
Scatter your learning till it taketh root
Forward and far. The growth of knowledge springs
Like that of plants ; down strikes the seed by stealth,
But upward, seen of all, stem, flowers, and fruit.

XXIII.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

“Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.”—COWPER.

KNOWLEDGE is like an errant knight of old :
Vaunting his prowess ; eager for the fray ;
Arm'd cap-à-pie ; with peacock plumage gay ;
Self confident ; adventure-seeking ; bold ;
He roams throughout the world, ready to hold
Tournay against all comers day by day ;
He enters magic caves without dismay,
And views strange sights which others ne'er behold.

But Wisdom is his meek-eyed lady-love,
Whom if he wins not he is nothing worth.
Now casting down her modest eyes on earth,
Now heavenward, trustful, she herself doth try,
And broodeth o'er her own heart silently,
Timid, but constant, patient, as a dove.

XXIV.

On Human Knowledge.

"A climbing height it is without a head,
Depth without bottom, way without an end ;
A circle with no line environed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends ;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find."

SIR FULK GREVILLE.

How vast a circle doth man's knowledge run ;
A million million miles it knows to mount
Through space and time : to measure, weigh, and
count
The stars ; and tell by what fix'd laws they shun
Ruin ; and keep their order once begun :
It hath enslav'd the lightning ; search'd the fount
Of heat and primal light ; summ'd up the amount
Of elemental atoms, from the sun
Down to earth's centre ; traced, ere yet Man was,
Unnumbered ages, slowly toiling, frame,
Pile upon pile, this inorganic mass ;
And scann'd the cells whence living Being came :
Yet 'tis a round whence man no more may spring,
Than the daz'd scorpion from the fiery ring.

XXV.

On Human Knowledge.

(Continued.)



“What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known.”—POPE.



MAN's clearest knowledge doth most clearly show
His ignorance; effect may teach him cause,
Whence he may lay down fundamental laws,
And reason from induction, sure as slow,
Of Gravitation and the Electric flow :
But *how* these agents work must give him pause :
How earth draws apples; amber gathers straws ;
Will acts on muscle, he may never know.

Learning is like a river, whose small source
The child may stride ; which through a land of
dreams
Winds with an ever-deep'ning, wider course,
Till with a thousand tributary streams
Its giant waters are in Ocean pour'd,
Unsail'd, unfathomable, and unshor'd.

XXVI.

Perseverance.

οὐδὲν τῶν μεγάλων ἄφνω γίνεται.—ARRIAN.

“Adde parum parvo, tandem fit magnus acervus :
Gutta cavat lapidem.”—OVID.

“Io vos propongo grandes premios mas embuelos en grandes trabajos; pero la virtud ne quiere osiocidad.”—CORTES to his Soldiers.

Τῶν πονῶν πωλοῦσιν ἡμῖν πάντα τ’ἀγαθ’ οἱ Θεοί.
EPICTETUS.

ONWARD, still onward ! Though each setting sun
Adds but a trifle to your learning’s store,
Quail not, but fix your earnest gaze before,
Nor look behind, until thy task be done ;
So gazeth, when the mountain top is won,
The traveller on the track he wandered o’er—
To Heaven’s high gate with lark-like passage soar,
Up.—To thine harvest look ; but daily shun
Counting each golden grain—all great and good
By love and labour are accomplish’d. Think
On coral isles that pierce old Ocean’s flood
From depths where plummet never yet could sink :
The planets sweep through space, though mortal
glance
Scans not each motion of their tireless dance.

XXVII.

Idem Aliter.



"Quâ vehimur navi, fertur, cum stare videtur."—LUCRETIVS.

"As one by one, majestic, they advance,
In vain the waves their bounding strength oppose,
On, on, her country's pride, the vessel goes."—MOXON.

"A piuma, a piuma, se pela l'oca ;
A gotta, a gotta, il mar si secherebbe."—*Italian Proverb.*



HAVE you on glassy lake, or boundless sea,
Gazed from the prow upon your path below ?
How tedious looked the way, and seeming-slow !
Then turning, from the stern look'd steadfastly ?
What magic change is there ? How swift and free,
(As glides an ocean bird, whose wings of snow
Sail even-fois'd, nor noise, nor motion know,)
Your boat skims *now* the wave mysteriously !

Such, restless spirit, who dost chafe to mark
Each hour's slow progress on the vasty deep
Of knowledge, be your habit, and your cheer—
Look *back* upon the waters, where your barque
Pass'd lately ; and with joy your heart shall leap
At your wake's line of light, long, straight, and clear !

XXVIII. Contentedness.

“Quod satis est, cui contigit, hic nihil amplius optat.”—HORACE.

“Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ, ferar unus et idem.”—HORACE.

“Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.”—HORACE.

“Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertit, si minor, uret.”—HORACE.

“Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus
Si ventri bene, si lateri est pedibusque tuis nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.”—HORACE.

“Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit illâ,
Contentus vivat?” HORACE.

“Never compare thy condition with those above thee, but to secure thy content, look upon the thousands with whom thou wouldst not for any interest change thy fortune and condition.”—TAYLOR'S *Holy Living*.

THOU, who repining at thy lowly lot,
Dost envy others their much wealth, or birth,
Rightly reflect on thine own station's worth,
By viewing those below thee, and thus blot
From the heart's fleshly tablets the vain thought.—

How many wretched thousands mourn the dearth
Of your youth, talents, liberty, on earth?
Think on the captive, in his cell forgot,
Or groaning, tortured on the wheel or rack;
Of travellers snow-swept from their lonely track;
Of frames deformed, or by disease down-bent;
Of starving beggars; deaf men; dumb; and blind;
Oh! think upon the madness-stricken mind;
And with thy state appointed be content.

XXIX.

Magnanimity.

"Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ."—HORACE.

"The vision of the hangman frights not me :
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings whereon my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation." *Virgin Martyr.*

THERE is no depth of Fortune where the mind
Of the Magnanimous is not sustained
By its own virtue—See Columbus chain'd
By Bobadilla !—" Ye shall not unbind,"
He cried to those who would have unconfin'd
His wrists, so much the oppressor he disdain'd,
" These manacles, until it be ordain'd
" By the Queen's word, though to my bones they
grind.
" Then, while I live, shall they before me lie,
" To show what debt of gratitude and gain
" Was earn'd by him, who Ocean freed,* and gave
" A World unto the Sovereigns of Spain,
" Castille and Arragon ; and when I die,
" Let my son lay them by me in my grave."

* See Columbus' letter to Isabella, from Veragua, wherein he records his vision, in which the voice says to him, " Of the gates of the ocean sea shut up with such mighty chains he delivered thee the keys."

XXX.

Equanimity.

“Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere, et
Quem fors dierum cunque dabit lucro
Appone.” HORACE.

“Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.”—HORACE.

“Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.”—LOVELACE.

ENJOY the hour; nor heed to-morrow's ill;
Sufficient is the evil for the day.
In the Lord's hand we are the potter's clay,
And He will shape our changes to His will.
But chance what may, I can find comfort still.
Be the road rough, no thieves beset the way,
Or they left liberty, and did not slay.
Plunge me in dungeons, Hope the gloom shall fill;
Sleep soothe my nights: Thought, free as air, shall fly
Where'er she list; and Memory unroll
The painted past: bind to the torturer's stake
These limbs, mine innocence he cannot shake;
Bid me condemn'd by unjust sentence die,
Tyrants may kill the hody, not the soul.

XXXI.

Lecture.

Οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος :
 ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δοῦλος ἔστιν ἢ τυχῆς :
 ἢ πλήθος αὐτον πόλεος, ἢ νομῶν γράφαι
 εἶργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τροποῖς.

Hecuba.

Not if Athene's self should stoop to teach,
 Would Youth, *constrained*, attend with willing ear—
 Oh ! freedom from control, dream ever near,
 Ever beyond, and just beyond our reach !
 The school-bóy forward looks, while tutors preach,
 To college for his liberty from school ;
 There finds as stern, although a different rule.
 Thence to the world at large we turn, till each
 By custom grown familiar to restraint,
 Brooks usages, forms, laws, without complaint.
 Pursue the thought, and is not each the slave,
 Through life, of tyrant passions ; be the reign
 Of Love, Ambition, or the Lust-of-gain ;
 And liberty is reach'd but with the grave ?

XXXII.

On Profane History.

“Clashing of swords! brother opposed to brother!”

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

“Themselves the conquerors

Make war upon themselves: brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self. O! preposterous

And frantic courage.”—*Richard the Third*, Act ii. Scene 4.

PERUSE Man's story down from Pyrrha's flood;
How foul a volume shall thine hand unroll—
Surely some Cain-like finger on the scroll
Traced out this long, this sick'ning tale of blood;
Battle the theme; warriors the only good;
Brother 'gainst brother; soul in arms with soul;
Passions of Nations bursting from control;
Murder their task; a glut of crime their food:
Short pause of peace, to rally for fresh war;
Each evil deed gloss'd with some specious name,
“Liberty”—“Love of Country”—“Courage”—
“Fame!”—
And rare doth timid Virtue dare to pour
Her lustre o'er the page; faint as the light
Of some lone star struggling through stormy night.

XXXIII.

On Profane History.

(Continued.)

“Some write a narrative of wars and feats
Of heroes little known, and call the rant
An history.”—COWPER.

“The evil that men do lives after them ;
The *good* is oft interred with them.”—SHAKESPEARE.

AND is the story fairly told and read ?
Though fiercer eloquence may chain the throng,
Do not the tale of love, the tide of song,
Gush o'er Earth's vales, as from a fountain-head ?
Though many a hand its fellow's blood hath shed,
Myriads have still been stainless ; only strong
In Friendship's grasp, not the red cause of Wrong ;
The dance more known than marches' measured
tread.

Like to a hasty traveller, History
Views but the Vast ; her glance is on the peaks
Of mountains, and their headlong torrents foam :
She pauseth not ; with beauty-loving eye
No flowers that mantle round their base she seeks :—
Her voice is of Man's country, not his home.

XXXIV.

Washington.



“Exegi monumentum ære perennius.”—HORACE.

“Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven ;
No monument set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness.”



FAMILIAR to me is each mightiest name
Of empire-founders from the world begun ;
The conquerors of nations, who have run
Their comet-path of pestilence and flame—
Assyria, Persia, Rome, and Grecia, claim
Ninus and Cyrus, Cæsar, Philip's son ;
The North sent forth her “Scourge of God” the Hun ;
The East yet shakes at Timur's horrid fame ;
And in these latter days how redly shone
Napoleon's bloody star ! Oh ! but on One
Without a sob of grief, a blush of shame,
Doth History her solemn finger rest :—
Most virtuous, wisest, glory of the West,
Man, patriot, hero, stainless Washington.

XXXV.

Washington.

(Continued.)

“Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit,
 Ut pelagi rupes magno veniente fragore,
 Quæ, sese multis circumlatrantibus undis
 Mole tenet.”—*Æneid* vii. 587.

“Justum et tenacem propositi virum
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Nec vultus instantis tyranni,
 Mente quatit solidâ ;—
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.”—HORACE.

BEHOLD him, champion in young Freedom's fight,
 Serene, sufficient, patient, undismay'd,
 Humble the haughty Briton's arm'd parade.
 As a crag breasts the full Atlantic's might :
 See him, the soldier in the cause of Right,
 Triumphant, sheath his unambitious blade ;
 Alike by homage, tumult, all unsway'd,
 Clothe Liberty in order ; call forth Light
 Out of the abyss of Anarchy ; unmask
 The Gallic spectre of Equality,
 While the drunk World reel'd round him ; and his
 task
 Complete, resume the simple citizen ;
 So die : exemplar to us petty men ;
 A spectacle for all futurity.

XXXVI.

Washington.

(Concluded.)

"Calm as a frozen lake, when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky."

WORDSWORTH.

It is the mighty calmness of thy soul
That makes thee all sublime : if in the jar
Of what then seem'd a most unequal war ;
In victory's flush ; or in the hard control
Of fresh Enthusiasm trampling down the goal
Of Freedom touch'd, not turn'd ; whether thy car
Was myriad-dragg'd ; when standing at the bar
Of Calumny, impeach'd ; or in the roll
Of fireside years, thy rule laid freely down.

So some vast lake of thy Columbia shows,
When fierce winds howl and winter tempests frown,
Its icy surface to the northern snows :
So, when the summer suns above it pass,
Lies in a limpid sheet of liquid glass.

XXXVII.

Reflection on the History of Man.

*Ὅτι μὲν οὖν πᾶσιν τοῖς οὖσιν ὑπόκειται φθόρα καὶ μεταβολή
σχέδον οὐ προσδεῖ λόγου· ἱκανή γάρ τῆς φύσεως ἀνάγκη
παραστῆσαι τὴν τοιαύτην πίστιν.—POLYB. l. 6. c. 57.*

I HEARD two Voices : one was of Despair,
Wailing the mournful changes of the Past :—
“ What,” sighed she, “ what of good or great shall
last?
“ Though now Art tills the soil that erst was bare,
“ Though Freedom reigns, and Science smileth where
“ All once with Ignorance was overcast,
“ Shall not the Western World, tho’ proud and vast,
“ The fate of Egypt and of India share?
“ These, long degenerate, wrapt in sloth and gloom,
“ Were Learning’s birthplace, Glory’s primal throne;
“ Art’s infant cradle, Wisdom’s sacred well.
“ A curse is on Man’s greatness, like the doom
“ Of him who rolls up Hades’ steep the stone
“ That ever slips back to the abyss of Hell.”

XXXVIII.

Reflection on the History of Man.

(Continued.)

"There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

TENNYSON.

THE other Voice was Hope's: "No more," her song,
"Worse than Egyptian darkness shall confound
"This living globe. The blessed ships, that bound
"O'er ocean, waft to each unletter'd throng
"True Wisdom; Right at length shall master Wrong;
"Love root out Prejudice; fair Peace be crown'd
"Eternal; War be trampled on the ground,
"And Earth its last, best, victor-shout prolong.
"No more shall perish human Thought:—no more,
"Rob'd in rich vellum, screen'd from vulgar eyes,
"Exclusive Knowledge sleeps; to cottage door,
"Equal, as to the palace gate, she flies;
"Nor barbarous horde, nor power's unchalleng'd
 sway,
"Shall shut her henceforth from the light of day."

XXXIX.

A Prophecy.

Buyck. "Friede, ihr Herren! Muss der Soldat Friede rufen? Nun da ihr von uns nichts hören wollt, nun bringt auch eure Gesundheit aus, eine bürgerliche Gesundheit.

Tetter. Dazu sind wir bereit! Sicherheit und Ruhe!

Soëst. Ordnung und Freiheit!

Buyck. Brav! das sind auch wir zufrieden.

Alle. Sicherheit und Ruhe! Ordnung und Freiheit!"

GOETHE'S *Egmont*.

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end."

POPE'S *Messiah*.

RARE mid the Nations is the Prophet-Seer,
Whose soul unto the Future mounts serene:
Our thoughts are fashion'd to the present scene,
Or swath'd in the Past's ceremonies: we fear
Too much the scoffer's jibe, the sceptic's sneer.
Yet Chaucer saw the Crystal-palac'd Queen;
And War amid the idols that have been,
Shall be, and babes smile when of it they hear.

The Beast's-mark brands the War-God's brow,
unclean

As the foul murder-shrines of Mexico:
Cleft is his shield, for all the heraldic gilt
Emblazon'd there in Chivalry's false sheen:
Shiver'd his sword: he leans upon the hilt,
And shrinks from Commerce' swift-impending blow.

XL.

On Human Progress.

“ L’age d’or, qu’une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu’ici dans le passé, est devant nous.”—ST. SIMON.

“ Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these; for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning the same.”
Eccl. vii. 10.

How often hath the Poet’s story told
Of three great epochs of the human mind,
Wherein from good to worse we have declin’d :
The first age in Creation was of Gold;
Of Silver fashion’d, forth the second roll’d ;
The third in ribs of Iron is confin’d:—

’Tis false. In everything the immortal mind
Hath ever been advancing from of old.
Iron was largely mix’d with our first clay ;
A richer metal shines, though feebly bright,
In present men ; and Time perchance may see
The costliest ore in our posterity.

So breaks the silvery dawn from iron night
To the full splendour of a golden day.

XLI.

Buttery.

"You shall have ale: I'll give you cheer in bowls."

Scornful Lady: BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

FILL high the tankard; crown the silver bowl
With bright October's foaming amber; spread
The ashen board with manchets white of bread;
For hark! the hour of noon; and forth the whole
Dry Lecture rushes with a thirsty soul!
Up the hall-stairs the merry youths draw near,
And throng the buttery for noontide cheer.
See Charon comes to claim his weekly dole:—

O grim old ferryman, how oft my boat,
Through the long summer eve, on Isis' wave,
Beside thy fearful barge would careless float,
While thou o'er thy kind-cruel weapons sate,
And, with an artist's fondness, didst relate
Of drowning youths saved from a watery grave.

[At one o'clock, all the lectures for the day concluded, and there was then a pretty general rush to the buttery, for bread and cheese, and beer. The character I have introduced into this Sonnet deserves a word. He was an old man, a servant of the Humane Society, stationed on the river, for the prevention of accidents. His punt was filled with horrid-looking implements—the drags, hooks, &c., of his calling. Many a skiffer, like myself, used to linger on our way to Itfley or Sandford, while the old man, pushing his punt alongside, related wonderful tales of "perils by flood," if not by field. He was always armed with a scrap of paper and a pencil, ready to receive a "buttery order." His boat, his appearance, and profession, obtained for him the *sobriquet* of "Charon," by which he was universally known. He related his stories with a professional gusto highly diverting.]

XLII.

Coquus : a Sketch from Memory.

“He lards the lean earth as he walks along.”—*Henry IV.*

HARD by, the kitchen. Though 'tis something hot,
Let's enter. There:—salute respectfully
Our “Coquus;” him of roguish, twinkling eye.
Not only from the constant fire, I wot,
But from full many a well-quaffed silver pot
Of humming ale, did that rich ruby fly
Noseward, ho ! noseward. See, how jauntily
His paper cap, push'd back, hath learnt to squat
High on his beaded brow ; how cleanly swell
The apron-folds upon his rounded paunch ;
With what an air he dandleth carelessly
His knife. Salute him ; for we love him well,
Our oracle ; and touching loin, or haunch,
Indeed a man of grave authority.

XLIII.

The Ride.

"Sequar quo vocas."—SENECA.

"Orva che un sol volere, è il ambedue
Tu duca, tu signore, e tu maestro."—DANTE.

OUR steeds are ready ; whither shall we ride ?
To Woodstock, where a woman's jealous hate
Gave her frail rival horrid choice of fate,
And Blenheim rises in majestic pride ?
Or to old Cumnor, where false Lei'ster's bride,
Like a fair falcon by the hawker lur'd,
Was in the shades of that grim Place immur'd,
Till, trusting to Love's well-feign'd note, she died ?
Or shall we slowly saunter to the wood
Of Bagley, there explore each sylvan glen ;
Or to the Quentin, sport of ages rude,
On the green heights of open Bullenden ?
Lead where you will ; I follow, friend, to-night :
All ways are equal to a spirit light.

XLIV.

The Walk.

“Retiring from the populous noise, I seek
This unfrequented place.”—MILTON.

Not through the Queen of Cities' lordliest street,
Although all passing beautiful its sweep
Of gray old colleges and gables steep,
Where spire, and dome, and bridge, and gateway
meet,
Let us now turn our fashionable feet ;
But unobserv'd, not unobserving, creep
Down by the bank, where the green willows weep
For Cherwell drown'd in Isis: there a seat
Courts us awhile, till from the farther shore
The ferryman is hail'd to punt us o'er.
Now through the summer fields away, away,
The grass beside the path brushing our knees ;
Haste! for the chapel bell, swung on the breeze,
Pealing too quick return, forbids delay.

XLV.

The Chapel.

“Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand,
Uplifting toward high heaven her fiery brand.”

WORDSWORTH.

How richly mellow'd through the painted glass
The tranquil flood of solemn light pours down
Upon each oaken stall's time-polished brown,
On marble chequer'd floor, and desk of brass.
Along the aisle, in spotless surplice, pass
Student and Fellow, while yet lingering swell
The last faint echoes of the vesper bell,
With the same tones that summon'd erst to mass.

Spirit of Unity! keep fast the bands
That bind to thee thy Church! here chiefly rule!
For this thy primal sanctuary: here stands
True Doctrine's very fountain-head and school;
Yet here blind Schism is threatening to divide
Those who should teach thy Gospel side by side.

XLVI.

A Chapel Thought—Prayer.

“And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me.” *Paradise Lost.*

“Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?”—
1 Cor. vi. 19.

“The truly holy soul which hath receiv’d
The unattainable, can hallow hell.
Each orb is to itself the heart of heaven;
And each belief, wherein man roots his hope,
And lives and dies, the favourite of God.”—*Festus.*

MAN’s heart, God’s holiest temple; and His rite
Best loved, a contrite spirit’s sacrifice,
Whether beneath the flush of morning skies,
Or star-evok’d, when that most earnest Night
With tongues of flame discourseth of His might;
Or in the lonely chamber, when the eyes
Of Thought peer into the Eternities,
With humble, hopeful, though not fearless sight:
Or when in the World’s battle, in mid fight
Of jarring elements, by masteries
Of self, with ruth for others’ groans and sighs,
Throneward it soareth, with a seraph flight,
To the All-Powerful, All-Just, All-Wise,
In pray’r for universal good and right.

XLVII.

A Thought on the Memory of Church
Music.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter." KEATS.

"And other days come back to me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn."—BYRON.

SWEET is the fall of music on the ear,
The song of birds, and soft voice of the rill;
Sweet the breeze-murmur sighing o'er the hill;
Sweet the leaves' rustle in their prime or sear;
Yet sweeter o'er the spirit, and more clear,
Come heavenly harmonies unheard and still.
With such a melody doth Conscience fill
The good man's fainting soul when death is near;
And oft in life a tone celestial swells
Vaguely and in brief snatches, as the wind
Sweeps o'er Æolian harp-strings, on the mind,
When, in its dream-like hours of rest, it dwells,
Rapt, on the mystic parts of that vast plan,
God's work, where deathless harmony began.

XLVIII.

A Chapel Thought.

ON AN IVORY IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN
MARY.

“Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconcil'd in Thee,
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.”

WORDSWORTH.

It haunts me, how it haunts me, that sweet face
Of more than earthly beauty ; those blue eyes
In whose calm depth such wondrous pity lies ;
Those faintly-smiling lips, whereon I trace
A flash of passing triumph ; that smooth grace
Of the chaste, faithful brow ; the blush that dyes
That modest cheek, suffus'd like Charity's
O'er-spied by stranger in her hiding-place ;—
It haunts me, how it haunts me, that sweet face,—
Not with its beauty only, but its air
Of hope and love, humility and pray'r.
'Tis not Art's dream, some sculptor-fancy's birth ;
But thee, Madonna, as thou wast on earth,
Dear mother of the Saviour of our race.

XLIX.

A Chapel Thought—Toleration.

“ And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.”—1 *Kings* xix. 11, 12.

THE Tishbite on the lonely mountain heard
A great strong wind that brake in twain the rock,
When the Lord passed by; then with a shock
Of earthquake all the trembling ground was stirr'd.
Then did a fire the top of Horeb gird:
Then breathed a still small voice:—Jehovah came,
Not in the wind, the earthquake, or the flame,
But in the still small voice spake God his word.

Thus raged polemic strife, a windy war;
And then the Crescent host, and Red-cross band
With battle-shocks shook Earth, deep drench'd with
gore;
And then Intol'rance fired her faggot brand;
These o'er, commanding persecution cease,
The still small Gospel voice hath whisper'd Peace.

L.

Toleration.

II.—THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

“Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
Immortale odium, et nunquam sanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc Ombos et Tentyra. Summus utrinque
Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum solos credat habendos
Esse Deos quos ipse colit.”—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xv.

For six full lustres did religious hate,
Such as not Tentyra from Ombos tore,
Drench creed-divided Europe deep in gore :
For the Leagu'd Papist would not stoop to bate
One tittle of his tenets, fixed as Fate :
And the grim Calvinist and Lutheran swore
In union, ne'er to lay down arms before
Their cause was righted by the liberal State.

Then Nation against kindred Nation rose,
Each confident in blind and bigot zeal,
Smiting their fatherland with sword and flame ;
And calling each on God's most holy name
To sanction them in battle's last appeal :
“Jesu Maria” these : “God with us,” those ! *

* Such were the war cries of the respective parties at the battle of Lutzen.

LI.

Toleration.

III.—THE FALL OF MAGDEBURG.

"Hinc jejunum odium, sed jurgia prima sonare
Incipiunt animis ardentibus : hæc tuba rixæ :
— ast illum in plurima sectum
Frusta et particulas ut multis mortuus unis
Subficeret totum conrosis ossibus edit
Victrix turba."—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xv.

"TROY and Jerusalem have fall'n, but ne'er,"
Wrote Tilly, "the destroying angel, sire,
"Lit, until now, a city's funeral pyre,
"Like that which hath laid low the strong and fair,
"But heretic Magdeburg." — Oh ! bid me spare
The tale : my blood would freeze, my tongue would
To tell the horrors which sectarian ire, [tire,
Croat, Walloon, scarred Pappenheim,* wrought
there.

Yet mid the flames, and thirty thousand dead,
While salvos from the smoke-grim'd cannon leap't,
The victors, lust-polluted, murder-fed,
Mock'd God in the Cathedral, chaunting high
"Te Deum," and the Demon Blasphemy
Veil'd on the altar-steps his face, and wept.

* Count Pappenheim was born scarred on his forehead with two sword-shaped scars, which became blood-red under the influence of excitement. The horrors of the sack of Magdeburg are too dreadful to dwell on ; they will be found detailed in Menzell's *History of Germany*, Coxe's *House of Austria*, and Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*.

LII.

Another Chapel Thought—Charity.

“But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?”—*St. Luke* x. 29.

Who is my Neighbour? One old sage replied,
He who lives next thee—one said all might claim,
Who dwelt in the same city, that fond name;
And one, with kindlier heart, and creed more wide,
Thought all men of one country thus allied.
But wrapt in night, till our Messiah came,
The problem lay—Then touch'd as with a flame,
Blazed that which all the wise had vainly tried.

No more shall Greece or Rome exclusive spurn
Outcaste “Barbarian:” every sunburnt slave
And painted savage claims thine equal care:—
Love, like the horizon, wheresoe'er we turn,
Clips in its shifting circle earth, sky, wave,
And every living being, everywhere.

Another Chapel Thought.—The Atonement.

—◆—

“Venia danda iis qui non audiunt ob ignorantiam: non est tam iniquus iudex Deus ut quenquam indictâ causâ damnare velit. Ii solum damnantur qui oblatam Christi gratiam rejiciunt.”—ORIGEN.

—◆—

OH! blessed hope that Christ's atonement frees,
Not only those who have received with trust
His testament, and warr'd with worldly lust;
But washeth every shore (though faithful knees
Have never knelt there) like the impartial seas.
Shall it revivify all ancient dust;
Plato and Aristides, called the Just;
Cato; and all-but-Christian Socrates?

Not with the pale cold Moon's one-sided gleam
It strikes; but as the watch-fire's bearded flame
Starts into herald life, Salvation came
The whole horizon round to throw its beam—
Nay, rather, as the high Sun rides in heav'n,
It shines alike on all sides, warm, bright, even.

[This doctrine may give offence to some. Many good men have thought differently, the great Sir Thomas Brown among the number. Still, I cannot help thinking it the more Christian and charitable belief. Many passages in the New Testament point to the universal efficacy of Christ's death: John iii. 17; 1 John ii. 1, 2; 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6; Hebrews ii. 9; and especially Rom. v. 18-21. These passages are collected and commented on by Gurney, in his observations on the Quakers. Dante places those who lived before Christ in the first circle of his Inferno; but it is remarkable that he does not represent them as being there in a state of pain or punishment. Regret, desire, “desiderium,” is their state; they have “*duol senza martiri*,” and it is only their hopelessness that causes them to sigh, “*e sol di tanto offesi*:”

“Che senza speme vi vemo in disio.”]

Another Chapel Thought. — The Growth of Christianity.

“The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field : which indeed is the least of all seeds : but when it is grown, is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.”—*St. Matt. xiii. 31, 32.*

WHAT, when glad tidings were by Angels brought
 To watchful shepherds, was the Christian creed?
 What, when with gifts of joy and faithful speed
 Westward, the star-conducted Magi sought
 The manger? What when miracles were wrought,
 And on the cross Christ had vouchsaf'd to bleed?—
 A lamp just lighted, one small grain of seed
 Sown deeply, but scarce germinate; a thought
 Ponder'd in some few faithful hearts; soon bright
 It glowed; it grew: it scoff'd the wrath of kings :—
 So shines the Southern Cross; at earliest night
 Weak, scarcely mark'd, yet rising, till it springs
 To its meridian height, from whence it flings
 O'er Heaven and Earth its pure and holy light.

Another Chapel Thought—Alms.



“Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.”—*St. Matt. vi. 1-4.*

“The dews come down unseen at even-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.”—*POLLOCK.*



ALMS are the golden wings whereon we fly,
Though men should never gaze upon our flight,
From Earth's inhospitable realms of Night,
Up to the many mansions of the sky.
Then bathe thy vans in dews of Charity,
So that they gleam with love and mercy bright,
Reflecting opened Heaven's eternal light,
As they spread, cleaving upward, silently.

But ah! be sure thy spirit doth not prune,
Proud in hypocrisy, the tender quills
With the fat oil which love of praise distils;
Lest vaunting in the market-place at noon
Thy pinion's rainbow beauty, they be worn
The lur'd World's wonder, but the Angels' scorn.

LVI.

A Chapel Thought.—The Human Heart.

“My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or starre, or rainbowe, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?”

GEORGE HERBERT.

Χρύσιον καὶ ἀργύρεον θεῖον παρὰ Θεῶν αἶει ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ
ἔχουσι.—PLATO, *De Rep.* b. iv.

“The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”—
Jeremiah xvii. 9.

ALL rich and precious things the Poet brought
Together for the fashion of a heart.
Silver and gold; gems from Earth's farthest part;
Bright particles from stars and rainbows sought—
And just his question, for he only thought
Of God's love to the creature of his art—
Still at the glorious fancy did I start,
That it of such materials could be wrought;
For if we dwell on Man's ingratitude
For all that God hath done for, given our race,
Hearts would seem form'd of stuff most vile in sooth,
And worthless as the stockish stone or wood,
Senseless as nether millstone; hard and base
As iron; thankless as a serpent's tooth.*

* “How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!”—SHAKESPEARE.

LVII.

Monumental Brasses.

"I envy not such graves as take up room
Merely with jet and porphyry ; since a tomb
Adds no desert. Wisdom, thou thing divine,
Convert my humble soul into thy shrine ;
And then this body, though it want a stone,
Shall dignify all places where 'tis thrown."—OSBORNE.

LAY bare the floor ; the monumental brass
Unto the musing stranger's eyes disclose.
There lies the Warden in his grim repose !
Doth it tell who, or rather what he was ?
If the sands golden ran through his life's glass,
Or sorrow's clouds wept on his grey head woes ?
What his creed, knowledge ; what his outward
shows ?

Faith ! this is Time's hard reading, which doth pass
Our learning to expound, or guess, or gloss ;
A book that brazen binding could not save
From dull Oblivion's old death-headed moth !

Fold me, when I shall die, in pure white cloth,
And lay me nameless in some quiet grave,
Where dews fall lightly on the springing moss.

LVIII.

Another Chapel Thought.—The Painted
Window.

“Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass.”—SHELLEY.

O CHEQUER'D page of life, whereon appear
Pleasure and pain inextricably blending;
Shadow and sunshine like two foes contending,
Success and disappointment; hope and fear;
Love and its opposite; the smile and tear;
Each to the other strongest contrast lending;—
So on yon fair white altar cloth descending
Down through the deep stain'd Gothic window near,
Glimmers the painted light; here purple-dyed,
Almost to blackness; there with ruby flush
Bright gleaming; orange-tinted, emerald-green;—
So on the brook that loves through woods to glide,
Lies golden network, wrought by cloud and bush,
The meshes, shade; with sunny light between.

LIX.

On a Sunbeam falling through the
Painted Window.

"Sunbeam of summer! oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The faith touching all things with hues of Heaven."

Mrs. HEMANS.

SCOFFER or Sceptic, thou who canst not see
With the clear eye of Faith beyond the land
Where finite Reason takes her farthest stand,
And doubttest of the blessed Trinity,
Doubtest, because it is a mystery;
Come, fool, untwist yon sunbeam's triple strand;
Scan well the invisible and triune band,
And read its emblem Truth spread out for thee.

There dwells the red ray of productive heat;
The blue ray working change in things begun;
And there, between them, gleams the yellow light
Which saves the Universe from hopeless night—
So Father, Son, and Holy Spirit meet,
Creating, changing, saving, Three in One.

LX.

L i g h t.

"All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as Thou goest.

"A crimson garment is the robe thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The waving lilies in their white,
Are clad but with the laws of almost naked light."—COWLEY.

LIGHT ! Thou dost arch the vaulted Heav'n with
blue,
Deck forth the meadow in its summer show,
And glitter in the sparkling Ocean flow :
Thine is the gleam of diamond and dew,
The sea-shell's roseate lip and pearly hue :
Thou fall'st on the swan's neck like virgin snow,
On the flamingo's wing with crimson glow,
And the snake's speckled skin thou dost renew.
Thine is the blush of Morn, the golden hour
Of Sunset ; the star's twinkle, and the play
Of Arctic skies' Aurora ; thou dost shine
In the Moon's silver : thine is the array
Of the dark cedar and the gorgeous flower ;
This universal garb of beauty thine.

LXI.

Stars—from the Chapel Tower.

Εἰς τὸν ὅλον οὐρανὸν ἀπόβλεψας τὸ ἔν ἐῖναι φήσι τὸν Θεόν.

ARISTOTLE.

MYRIADS of stars are glimmering overhead
In heaven's dark vast ; and to mine upturn'd gaze
Fresh myriads twinkle in the eternal maze.

Were ye all formed for Man alone ; and fed
With fire but on his Earth your light to shed ?
Or have ye other ends ? May ye not blaze
In Heaven's high front the demon host to daze,
Threat'ning attack ? Or of the blessed dead
Are ye the happy homes ? Or is your throng
Of beings than the Angels little lower ?
Teem ye with men like us, who worship gold :
Who love and hate ; thirst for, and cringe to power ?

But hush ! methinks I hear your spherul song—
“ Cease the vain guess ! In us God's face behold.”

LXII.

The Milky Way.

"Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction!"—SHAKESPEARE.

FAIR was the myth that made the Milky Way
A drop which fell from sleeping Juno's breast,
When lilies chang'd for white their purple vest ;
And grand the thought that there were wont to
stray

The old Sun's chariot-wheels, ere Birth of Day :
But, Galaxy, these latter days have drest
In grander beauty thy majestic rest ;
The truth more strange than fiction's wildest lay.

For Man hath pierc'd thy mystery, to find
Myriads of stars along thy course thick-strown
As forest leaves scatter'd by Autumn wind,
Or the wreath'd sands that gleam on Ocean coasts :
A radiant pavement fit for Angel hosts
To march on, singing praises, to His Throne.

LXIII.

Planets.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Conscia fati
Sidera diversos hominum variantia casus."—MANILIUS.

THE Planets rule not over mortal birth :
Astrologers in vain draw from the sky
The horoscope of Man's nativity ;
False is their art, their Science nothing worth :
The stars' conjunctions touch not things of Earth :
And vainly does the Gipsy Sorc'ress try,
By chiromantic skill and gaze, to spy
Prognostics of much joy or sorrow's dearth,
Trac'd in the wrinkled network of the palm,
Where the lines, silver-crossed, map out the plan
Of future life.—Yet God hath given to Man,
In his own hands, for good or ill, his fate ;
And stars, unconscious of his birth, may calm
His dying, with sweet hopes of happier state.

LXIV.

Oxford, from the Chapel Tower—Night.

“The very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.”—WORDSWORTH.

PEACE, Silence, Slumber, triple crown of Night,
Circle the Queen-like city. Dim the shower
Of moonbeams falls on every hoary tower,
And steeps each gabled roof in silver light.
Hush'd is the latest shout of revel rite
Through the gray quadrangle; while faintly gleams
The lamp of some pale student o'er the dreams
Of Plato, or old Homer's sounding fight.
Forth from below the mass superior stand
The tall, gaunt steeples, like a faithful guard,
Oh! may it be so, keeping watch and ward
Above the weary world fast lock'd in sleep.

Hark! even now their voices through the band
Pass on their hourly signal, clear and deep!

LXV.

Sleep.

"Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti."

VIRGIL, *Æn.* vi. 522.

"It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."—*Religio Medici*.

Nor with the fumes oppress'd of wine drunk deep,
 The spirits with long revelry half mad,
 Nor from foul satiated passion sad,
 Enter the portal of Death's semblance, Sleep;
 For 'tis a solemn temple. Ye who keep
 Therein the Soul's high holiday, come clad
 In purity; above your fellows glad;
 The World's dust from your feet unsaddled sweep,
 And approach leaning on the staff of Prayer.
 Then, pausing in the shadowy aisle, recall
 Calmly the day just closed; bless friend and foe;
 Your last thoughts let your God and Mother share,
 Till slumbers lightly on your senses fall,
 Soothing as organ-swells; as soft and slow.

LXVI.

Dreams.

"We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason."—SIR T. BROWN.

Ἐννοήσατε ἑὲ, ἔφη, ὅτι ἐγγύτερον μὲν τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ θανάτῳ οὐδὲν ἐστὶν ὕπνου· ἡδὲ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ψυχὴ τότε εἴπουν θειοτάτῃ καταφαίνεται, καὶ τότε τῶν μελλόντων, προορᾷ, τότε γάρ, ὥς ἔοικε, μάλιστα ἐλευθεροῦται.

XEN. *Cyropædeia*, lib. viii. c. 7.*

SLEEP ! I did call thee the Soul's holiday ;
For then she mounts, freed from each grosser sense,
To somewhat of divine intelligence ;
Foresees the Future, clear as springs of Day ;
Acts o'er the Past, feeling perchance the sway
Of former being ; sweeps o'er space immense ;
And runs through changeful years' experience
In an eye's twinkling ; like the King who lay
Spell-bound, his front plung'd in the magic bowl.
Then doth she wander loosen'd from control,
What time the body lies a corpse-like clay,
Foreshadowing forth, darkly, as through a glass,
Her kind immortal, when the World shall pass
From the material form, with breath away.

* See a very remarkable passage in the *Republic* of Plato, lib. ix. c. 1 (translated also by Cicero, *De Divinatione*, lib. i. c. 29), in which Socrates asserts an opinion that tranquil and veracious dreams can be secured by observing a temperate regimen of body, and exercising the mind in healthy trains of thought before committing ourselves to sleep.

LXVII.

The Churchyard — On the Death
of H —.

"Nemo tam divos habuit faventes,
Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri."

SENECA, *In Thyeste*.

"Ὅδ' ἄρτι θάλλων σάρκα ἐιοπέτης ὕπως
Ἄστηρ ἀπέσβη.—EURIPID. *Fragm.*

I SAW thee, thou chief favourite of us all,
In thy bright garb, and cheerful as the Morn,
Vault on thy steed, to follow hounds and horn ;
Watch'd thy last wav'd adieu ; heard thy last call.
I saw thee next, in the dim even-fall,
By rustics, on a bloody wattle borne,
Thy shrouded, pale cold corse mangled and torn.
Oh ! what an undefined and shadowy pall
Of sorrow fell on our young hearts :—amazed,
In gather'd groups, around thy door we stay'd,
As though thou might'st come forth in thy old
mirth:—

A few days' pause, and once again I gaz'd,
The last time and the saddest, on thee laid
By thy companions in this hallow'd earth.

[Poor H—, the most joyous among us, and the greatest favourite
with all, was killed by a fall out hunting. He lies buried in Merton
churchyard.]

LXVIII.

The Passing Bell.

“ Let not a death unwept, unhonoured, be
The melancholy fate allotted me.”—SOLON.

SWEET relic of old time, the passing bell,
Scarce wakes a mournful echo in this breast ;
It speaks to me of those who sink to rest
With gaze fix'd on the eyes they loved so well ;
Into whose ears the Gospel comfort fell,
Breath'd by God's minister: whose hands were prest,
And temples kiss'd by Love: whose last request
Was sigh'd not to the stranger : such the knell
Strikes on this exiled bosom !

Once I wept
A youth in Ganges drown'd : once, one who died
Lone, fever-smitten, by the jungle side ;
Many who fell when war o'er India swept ;
Most, him who pass'd away from us at sea.—
Oh ! may the passing bell be toll'd for me !

LXIX.

A Churchyard Thought—Brevity of
Life.

“As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.”—*Psalm ciii.* 15, 16.

“Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.”—DANTE.

“Nix, rosa, ros, fumus, ventus et aura, nihil.”—BERNAR BACHSIUS.

SAY, what is human life, and whereunto
Shall I compare it? 'Tis a tiny cloud
Borne where the sun shines bright, and storms are
loud,
Onward, athwart the illimitable blue,
Until it wastes itself in tearful dew:—
A lily o'er its garden-compeers proud
To-day; in death to-morrow lowly bowed:—
'Tis like a spark of fire that upward flew:—
A glad wave dancing o'er a sunny sea,
Soon on a silent desert shore to strike:—
A smile short broken by a sob of grief:—
A falling star quench'd in eternity:—
A wine-cup shiver'd when 'tis drain'd:—'tis like
Whate'er is bright, or sad, or small, or brief.

A Churchyard Thought — Life.

“ Behold the child, by nature’s kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;
 Some livelier plaything gives the youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite.
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till, tired, he sleeps, and life’s poor play is o’er.”

Essay on Man.

EACH thinks he lives, the happy Boy who rules,
 The welcome tyrant of the careless hour,
 His playmates by a character of power ;
 The Youth but just emancipate from Schools,
 Contemptuous, vain, the very Prince of fools,
 Lavish of his first Love’s exhaustless dower ;
 The Man who scales Ambition’s painful tower ;
 The weary elder throwing down his tools.

Oh, cheat ! oh, mockery ! oh, snare to lure
 Men to play out this Drama’s ’lotted parts,
 Loyal, unquestioning, content, secure !
 Oh, dream !—for not in Action’s busy marts
 Plies the true Life ; but in emphatic Thought ;
 To know Self, Nature, God.—The rest is nought.

Another Churchyard Thought.—Spirits.

τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ ζῆν τοῦθ' ἀπόκληται θανεῖν.—EURIPIDES.

“He that hath found some fledg’d bird’s nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.”—HENRY VAUGHAN.

“If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix’d in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings.”
Richard III., Act iv. Scene 4.

WHERE are the spirits that informed the dead?
Are they now hymning at the springs of day;
Or, with a lingering love for things of clay,
On tremulous wings still hovering overhead,
Do they sweet influence o’er our couches shed?
Or were they wafted without sense away
Back to the God who gave them, till the bray
Of the last trump shall sound its note of dread?

Teach me, O Lord! whether my soul shall save
Its sensible affections after death,
Continuous, or sleep on a dreamless sleeping—
Secret but opening to us with the grave—
Teach me, when I sigh forth my latest breath,
To trust me fearless to thy holy keeping.

LXXII.

Another Churchyard Thought — Immor-
tality of the Soul.

“When I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted,
I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls.”—FRANKLYN’S *Letters*.

“Morte carent animæ : semperque priore relictâ
Sede, novis domibus habitant vivuntque receptæ.
Omnia mutantur ; nihil interit ; errat et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc.”—OVID.

THIS all my knowledge, this my faith and trust,
That as no atom perisheth, the soul
Dies not ; but freed by death from the control
Of flesh, when the frail body sinks to dust,
It puts on some new change. If with the Just
At once made perfect—can such creed stand whole
With final judgment?—If beyond the roll
Of stars it wanders with no earthward lust,
Cloth’d with new faculties—or hovereth still
Over its old affections, watching the ill
And good of its lov’d kindred ; if it leap
Into new bodies ; if it dream, or sleep
The moment-seeming sleep of Infancy,
I know not :—this I know, it cannot die !

LXXIII.

College Rooms.



"These haunts are where they should be, at home, not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakes man to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught."—MILTON.



FLING wide the casement, for the morning breeze
Already curls the dew upon the stream,
And o'er their half-built nests with welcome scream
The busy rooks fill all the neighbouring trees.
Be labour lighten'd by luxurious ease;
Up to the oriel window wheel the chair;
(Sweet aid to study the fresh morning air,)
And ponder tasks which please, or ought to please:—
Gaze happy round upon your pictur'd room—
Your own; for swiftly may the time draw nigh
When homeless thou, in stifling city pent,
With spirit lustreless, and body bent,
Shall rise each morning unrefresh'd, and sigh
Daily o'er real toil with hopeless gloom.

LXXIV.

College Rooms.

(Continued.)

“Time, Faith, Energy—the three friends that God hath given the poor.”—BULWER.

“Purus et insons,
(Ut me collaudem) si vivo et carus amicis,
Causa fuit pater his.”—HORACE.

Not rightly with such thoughts, though they will
rise,
Tempting the mind at times like powers of Hell,
On my past lot or present may I dwell;
For every want from childhood hath a wise
Kind Providence supplied, and still supplies;
And though one heavy unexpected blow
Hath crush'd my perfect happiness below,
And half my heart with my dear Father lies,
And other links from the strong golden chain
Of daily intercourse are loos'ning fast,
How many blessings, undeserved, remain—
Hope, health, occasion! Sweeps upon my gaze
Honour, sure meed of life in labour past,
And sweeter far, a mother's pride and praise.

A Digression, arising out of the Foregoing — My Father.



“They mourn the dead who live as they desire.”—YOUNGE.



My Father ! O my Father ! not with tears
 I mourn thy memory, though oft I check
 The rising smile, as 'twere a sin to deck
 The face with mirth, as in the happy years
 When thou didst share my boyish hopes and fears ;
 Yet know I that thou wouldst not have me wreck
 My buoyant spirit; for thy silent beck
 Points forward, blessed spirit, while it cheers,
 To true and lasting sorrow's surer test :
 A heart of honour ; hand of charity ;
 Temper that nought but other's wrongs may fire ;
 Devotion to the being thou lov'dst best ;
 A life spent like thine own—pure, holy, high ;—
 “Those mourn the dead who live as *they* desire.”

LXXVI.

Digression — My Father.



“And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more : and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces. He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank of Jordan.”—2 *Kings* ii. 12, 13.



As when the Prophet of old days was borne
On flaming-steeded chariots to the sky,
The mantle of his power and prophecy
Fell on his follower, and by him was worn ;
So, Father, may thy spirit, while I mourn
Thee, from thy loving and thy loved ones torn,
Descend upon thy son, and sanctify.
Oh ! glorious garb of human majesty !
In which commingled honour, golden-bright ;
Pure sinlessness ; affection's purple gleam ;
The blush for other's wrongs ; the stainless white
Of charity : mirth, like a cheerful beam
Of early sun ; faith, shedding holy light
O'er all the glowing robe, without a seam.

LXXVII.

Digression — Christmas Day, 1843.

“Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.”—HORACE.

“Jamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic di voluistis, habebo.”
VIRGIL, *Æneid*.

A YEAR has vanish'd since the turban'd slave,
According to the custom of his clime,
Brought me his votive offerings : at that time,
Smiling, I look'd on what his service gave.
Why do I now, with aspect stern and grave,
Turn from his kindly action as a crime ?
For the cool plantain and the gilded lime
Are beautiful as formerly, and wave
The flowers as freshly ; kindlier than of yore
The hand that proffers. In myself the change.
Then, household joys bloom'd round me, never more
To flourish, and my Lost One smiled with me ;
Now, while I gaze on names and faces strange,
My heart is on the waters of the sea.

[On Christmas day the Indian servants present their master with a tray of fruits and flowers, and one or more gilded limes.]

Digression — Heart-Yearnings.

“Ἀπας μὲν αἴρῳ αἶετο περάσιμος,

* Ἀπασα δὲ χθών ἄνδρι γενναίῳ πατρὶς.

EURIP. *Fragm.*

AWAY, vain longings for my native land,
 My home, my mother, and the thousand ties
 That bind me to them with sweet sympathies
 Of love and memory, a household band
 Of natural yearnings, ere I be unmanned;
 For here, mid the cold looks of stranger eyes,
 My destin'd path to name or nothing lies.
 And, therefore, here, resolv'd, I take my stand
 With aim to die, or conquer; purpose stern
 As his, the heroic Spaniard,* who could dare,
 Mid hostile myriads, comrades for return
 Half wavering, his little fleet to burn:
 Wanting himself no spur, he with rash care
 Cried, “Forward be our hope; behind, despair!”

* Cortes.

Digression — Faith.

“Be strong, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and he will comfort thee, and give thee thine heart’s desire.”—*Psalm xxvii. 14.*

“Pur che mi coscienza non mi garra
Che, alla fortuna, come vuol, son presto.”—DANTE.

“Exstantesque procul medio de gurgite montes,
Classibus inter quos liber patet exitus, idem
Apparent; et longe divolsi licet, ingens
Insula conjunctis tamen ex his una videtur.”
LUCRETIVS.

BE thou my watchword, Faith; and bold in thee,
As the first ocean-wanderer, will I steer
My course, where’er it leads, without a fear,
Over Life’s dreary, lonely waste of sea;
Sure that kind Providence will cleave for me
A path, whatever danger shall appear,
So that my trust be steadfast, bright, and clear,
While I act boldly, wisely, warily:—

So sailed on Argo, where the threat’ning rocks,
Cyanean, barr’d, or seem’d to bar, her way,
Closing together with ship-crushing shocks—
Thus fabled many a Grecian poet’s lay—
And found, fit prize of daring faith, with ease
A passage twixt the cleft Symplegades.

Digression — Hope.

“ Tabula in naufragio.”

“ Cures, sometimes for men’s cares,
Flow where they least expect them.”
The Beggar’s Bush.

ALMOST they fail’d and fainted in the race,
Spain’s iron sons,* who quail’d not to explore
Dread Ocean’s terrors never tried before;
Almost had yielded the long fruitless chase,
Sick with heart-yearnings for their native place,
When past their foremost ship the billows bore,
Sure token of the long-expected shore,
A hawthorn branch, red-berried, with fresh trace
Of juicy sap, late from its parent torn.—

How often thus, when on Life’s stormy sea,
Desponding, weary, lost, alone, forlorn,
Man sighs for rest, and dreams no harbour near,
God casts upon the wave, our souls to cheer,
A living branch pluckt from Hope’s golden tree.

* The followers of Columbus.

LXXXI.

Digression — At Sea. 1860.

“Sunk low, yet mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.”
Lycidas.

“Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra
Esse sinunt.”
VIRGIL.

BOUND homeward, after long years of éxile,
I sweep, O sea, across thy waves once more.
Not now I tremble when thy tempests roar,
Or gladden at thy countless-rippled smile.
One thought engrosseth my whole soul, the while
I peer into thy depths:—thou art the grave
Of him, the best and gentlest one, who gave
Me being—father—mortal without guile.

Thou art, O sea, too premature, the tomb
Of my best lov'd of brothers, fair, and young.
How my heart yearn'd to kiss again the bloom
On that dear cheek—curse on the stranger tongue
That bore the tidings of his ocean-sleep—
Help—hold me—or I plunge into the deep.

College Rooms — The Wine-Party.

(Resumed.)

“Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.”

HORACE.

“O! if this were seen;
The happiest youth viewing his progress through
What perils past, what crosses to be borne,
Would shut the book, and lay him down and die.”

SHAKSPEARE.

READ on, boy—but let mirth alternate reign
With study:—let the jest that doth not bite
Pass when the ruddy flame and wine glow bright;
And of his scarlet coat the tyro vain
Flies o’er the brook and tempts the stile again;
Or the stout oarsman boasts his cutter’s pace,
When, swift as shooting star, she won the race,
And shouts of welcome rose o’er all the plain;
Let thine old walls their modern bravery flaunt;
Play the boy-host with hospitable pride,
Blest in thine ignorance of coming years;
For if the impervious screen were drawn aside,
Quick would thy happy chamber be the haunt
Of longings vain, or unavailing fears.

College Rooms — The Vine.

“Anacharsis said, the vine has three fruits; the first pleasure, the second intoxication, the third remorse.”—*Laërtius*.

“O, that men should put an enemy in their mouth to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!”—*Othello*.

WHEN Noah planted in the Earth, that sprung
 Bare from the Deluge, the Vine's primal root,
 The teeming mother hugg'd, and bade it shoot
 Sunward, until its spreading branches flung
 Their marriage tendrils the fresh elms among,
 And mellow Autumn saw the luscious fruit,
 Clad in its different colour'd vintage suit,
 With drooping clusters, white, gold, purple, hung.

The first, for man's delight and temperate use,
 To cheer the heart, the parching palate cools:
 The second, gushing forth in amber course,
 Tempts us, and picks our brains, and leaves us fools:
 But the third, blacker than the poppy's juice,
 Rolls forth a sluggish flood, its dregs, Remorse.

LXXXIV.

College Rooms — The Reverie.

Νέα γὰρ φρόντις οὐκ αλγεῖν φιλεῖ.—EURIPIDES.

THE merry group hath parted. The dark gleaming
Of the dull embers casts a fitful light
Through the old chamber but so lately bright
With gay lamps o'er the rich red-wine cups beaming.

Lo! with fixed eye and foot, the youth stands
dreaming

Over his future life. Before his sight
Rises some new-born vision of delight,
And he is smiling at the shadowy seeming.
'Tis gone. The lips compress'd, and frowning brow,
Speak him in perils plung'd, of danger scornful.
A shade of grief is passing o'er him now;
Mark how it bends him down with leaden weight.
'Tis for some friend's imaginary fate,
Not for himself—*his* fate shall ne'er be mournful!

College Rooms — Pleasure.

“Sux non immemor artis,
 Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
 Ignemque, horribilemque ferum fluviumque liquentem.”
 VIRGIL, *Georgics*.

PROTEAN Pleasure! in how varied forms
 Dost show thyself to mortals, and elude
 Their ever closing grasp! In solitude
 Some place thine eremite cell: more giddy swarms
 Seek thee in cities: some in battle-storms:
 Some mid the stars thy dreamy home have view'd,
 And lost a life in speculative mood:—
 Though cheating always, all thy hope still warms!

So in some starving city, through the gate,
 When Famine overrides the wasted land,
 Enter and issue, each a hopeful band,
 Rustic and citizen; each thinks his fate
 Leads on to plenty—though they press to gain
 The barren paths the others tried in vain.*

* Manzoni, in the *I Promessi Sposi*, draws a moving picture of this very circumstance happening during the famine of Milan, in the year 1603.

LXXXVI.

College Booms—Vanity of Vanities.

“Lo tempo e poco omai che e ne concesso.”—DANTE.

“Spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces.”—HORACE.

Οὐκ ἔστιν αὐτῶν ὅστις ἐξεπίσταται
Τῇν αὔριον μέλλουσιν, εἰ βιώσεται.

EURIP. *Alcm.*

“Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos.”—HORACE.

OFT, as *Arachne* o'er her meshes ran
When playful *Zephyr* broke the web apart,
With zeal as busy, and as tireless art,
The buoyant spirit of self-cheating Man
Intends fresh circles to his endless plan,
And still new dreams more wide-expanding start
To being from his visionary heart,
When nearly told the almost dwindled span.

Oh ! vanity of vanities ! fond strife,
Only death-ended ; struggle from our prime,
To deem ourselves immortal ; ever free
To scheme, to plot, to plan—yet what is life ?
A shifting sand-drop in the glass of time ;
Less than one pulse-beat of eternity.

Christ Church Walk from College Windows — Wellington.

“Et notum pueris, et qui nondum ære lavantur.”—JUVENAL.

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ne’er shall look upon his like again.”—*Hamlet*.

I WILL not forth, but mark, myself unseen,
From my deep window seat, the glittering throng
Of rank and beauty as it sweeps along
Christ Church’ broad walk embower’d in leafy green,
With stately steps and many a pause between.

To grace the triumph of her warrior son,
Who on a hundred fields hath fought and won,
In brave array of robes and silken sheen,
England hath gather’d there each noblest name
And fairest daughter : their concentrated eyes
Pay homage to the chief of deathless fame,
Who from half Europe’s victor snatch’d the prize
Of victory ; bade war through nations cease ;
For freedom drew, and sheath’d his sword, in peace.

[At the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of Oxford, the long and broad walk of Christ Church Meadows was of an evening so thronged with the numerous visitors that it was literally next to impossible to keep moving amid the mass.]

LXXXVIII.

Christ Church Talk from College
Windows — Wellington.

(Continued.)



"Nec judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetustas."—OVID.



I LOOK again ; and lo ! as at the spell
Of wizard, melt his summon'd forms in air,
The crowd has vanish'd, and the path lies bare :
But though my presence did not help to swell
The many, Wellington, who thronged to tell
By bows their admiration of thy worth,
Did I not give in calm reflection birth
To more heart-homage, when I let me dwell,
Not on the glories of thine eagle eye,
But much revolving on thy life, did find
How one man by the force of constancy
Of purpose, love of country, courage, truth,
High loyalty, simplicity of mind,
Can draw the reverence of age and youth ?

LXXXIX.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

“Reputation! Thou art a word, no more!”—*Maid's Tragedy.*

I SAW a tall ship in a silent bay,
A warrior ship, with thunder clothed her side :
Like a Leviathan upon the tide
Rock'd by the billows to his sleep, she lay;
And still the rustics gather'd, day by day,
To stare in wonder at her might and pride,
Till the majestic vessel seem'd to ride
Essential to the scene, so long her stay.
One morn we miss'd her : for a while the void
Fill'd us with mute and sorrowful despair,
Startling, as though the stately ship had been
A necessary feature of the scene ;
But soon that silent bay our sense enjoy'd,
As though no ship had ever anchor'd there.

XC.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

(Continued.)

“Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis,
Res brevis huic ampla est cui fuit ampla brevis.”

Epit. in Alexand.

“We cannot soon enough convince ourselves how very simply we may be dispensed with in the world. What important personages we conceive ourselves to be! We think it is we alone who animate the circle we move in; that in our absence, life, nourishment, and health will make a general pause: and, alas! the void which occurs is scarcely remarked, so soon is it filled up again.”—GOETHE'S *Wilhelm Meister*.

O ship! to me, much thinking, thine doth seem
The type and counterpart of human fate.
Thus is the mortal whom the world calls great.
Be he the dreamer of the poet's dream,
Warrior, or statesmen, all men's mark and theme,
Loadstar and cynosure: he fills the State—
Nations as handmaids on his honour wait;
Him almost part of Nature's self we deem;
Empires convuls'd with him shall fall! He dies.
Vague sense of void pervades the social frame,
That pen is still'd for aye; tongue mute; sword
sheath'd:—
Some few awhile feel grief; most but surprise:
And then—and then—the World wags on the same,
As though its just-lost wonder ne'er had breath'd!

XCI.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

(Continued.)

“At my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name be found anywhere but in the universal register of God.”—
SIR T. BROWN.

IN childhood I remember I did fear
Death as a spectre ; then I long'd, a boy,
To bask for ever in the sun's warm joy ;
To stroll o'er meads, and lie by streamlet clear,
Holding my being for mere being dear :
Next dreamt I love's delights could never cloy,
And clung to life for its most foolish toy :
Then did I grudge each quickly closing year,
Lest I should fall, or ere my name was known
Far as the poles, coëval with all time,
Deeming obscurity a curse or crime :
Now, fameless, could I die without a groan.
What should it profit me, in death, to be
The mightiest name in this world's history ?

XCII.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

(Continued.)

“Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Mummy hath become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsam. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory.”—*Hydriotaphia*.

“Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona

Multi.”

HORACE.

How vain man's longing for his name to last
Among the Nations! 'Tis a chance at best!
How many, pray, survive the Flood? Unguest,
The builders of the Pyramids sleep fast!
The fame of Hannibal is nearly past!
Is half the world by Shakspeare's muse imprest?
See Zoroaster, a mere word, possess'd
Of six bold owners, each a nation vast!
Lo! Gordian's five-tongu'd epitaph is mute!
What then? Should all life's noblest aims be
spurn'd;
Praise cease to emulate, bright honour pall;
Man sink down to the level of the brute?
Nay, do thy duty where thy lot may fall;
Praise not the motive, though it may be earn'd.

XCIII.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

(Concluded.)

“Verily,
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble living in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden crown.”—*King Henry VIII.*

“The brief and simple annals of the poor.”

“Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum.” HORACE.

“O! vitæ tuta facultas,
Pauperies angustique lares! O! munera nondum
Intellecta dium.” LUCAN.

“Sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescant.”

HAPPY the Poor, who pass through life unknown,
In their free mountains, unfrequented dells,
Far from the crowded streets and studious cells—
Few wants are theirs, small lore, save to have sown
In seed-time, gather when their crops have grown ;
Ambition haunts them not ; Peace with them dwells,
Guest undisturbed, when War's worst tempest swells,
And topple down the altar and the throne.
Happy the Poor, who leave behind no name,
To after generations, of life spent
Questing for wealth, or on the giddy steep
Of exaltation chronicled by Fame ;
Who need in death no brazen monument ;
But side by side in elmy churchyards sleep.

XCIV.

Isis.

“Lo, your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail.”

WARTON.

RIVER, who with thy two soul-stirring names,
Speak'st, one of Rhedicyna's youthful dream,
And one of Commerce', Empire's mighty stream
At proud Augusta's foot ; Isis, and Thames:
From Godstow, where the fairest of frail dames,
Ros'mund, with epitaph uncourteous lies,
Down to the reach where the tired skiffer ties
His boat for Newnham's summer feast and games,
These are the limits of *my* Isis : there,
Or up, or down, I cleft my swift-oared way
Nightly, alone, with little heed or care,
Through the full stream with racing cutters gay ;
Oft laughing at the imperious steersman's shout,
As from his very bows I glided out!

[Fair Rosamund's most ungallant epitaph is too well known to require quotation. At Newnham, the seat of the Harcourt family, some six miles below Oxford, the kindness of the proprietor had appropriated a small lawn and cottage on the bank of the river to picnic parties, and many a curious scene has taken place there, some (an' I might tell tales out of school) to my own knowledge. The "rule of the river" compelled the smaller always to give way to the bigger boat; and very big gentlemen, indeed, the steersmen of the eight-oared racing boats thought themselves while shouting "Look ahead," to the poor, humble skiffer. It was not an unfrequent joke with the skilful skiffer, to wait until the boat was nearly upon him, and then, by a sudden and dexterous turn, get out from the very bows of the impending danger. I am, at the same time, free to confess, that the tables were frequently turned, the skiff being cut in two, and its late occupant left to sink or swim, according to his ability.]

XCV.

The Silver Tassel.



“Caræ

Non aliquid patriæ tantum emetiris acervo.”—HORACE.



THE silver Tassel ! Like the girls of old,
Who when their town was sieged, its weapons spent,
Bar'd each her neck and arms of ornament,
To tip her brother's, lover's darts with gold,
Thou, Merton, when the martyr Charles unroll'd
O'er Oxford walls his banner to the sky,
And gather'd round him all his chivalry
(Too weak a phalanx to beat down the bold
Fanatic blade of Liberty), didst bring
Thy treasures, massy salver, flask of price,
A loyal gift to the beleaguer'd king :—
Then did the grateful monarch bade be worn
The silver tassel on thy cap, device
In these all-levelling days no longer borne.

[When Charles I. was besieged in Oxford, Merton, Magdalene, and some other college whose name has escaped me, gave him all their plate, to defray the expenses of his army. In return the monarch gave a silver tassel, to be worn as a memorial by the men of these colleges.]

XCVI.

The Porphyry Vase.



P. John.

“And here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.”

“The word of peace is render'd. Hark! how they shout.”
King Henry IV., Part 2.



I DREAMT a dream—'Twas night—methought I stood
Within the Warden's Hall, while flambeaux round
Cast ruddy radiance on the walls and ground :
A porphyry vase, grass-green, but veined with blood,
Rose from the pavement in the full light's flood ;
Wine from it spouted high with sparkling bound,
And fell back pattering with a rain-like sound ;
The kings of Europe, linked in brotherhood,
Circled the spot, robed, jewelled, scepter'd, crown'd.
Each in the vase his golden goblet drown'd,
Then rais'd it beaded to the brim :—Rang out
Trump, kettle-drum, and cannon ; and this shout
Rose from the crowd, black-hooded, scarlet-gown'd :
“Good-will to men ; and Peace all earth through-
out.”

[This is the vase alluded to in the note to the third Sonnet. I have taken the poetical licence of picturing an event which, of course, never really happened—the allied sovereigns pledging peace.]

XCVII.
The Garden.

"Nothing is constant, but in constant change,
What's done is still undone, and when undone,
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes this floating world beneath the sun."

DRUMMOND.

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

LUCRETIVS.

"Look at the earth, the streams, the clouds, the sky,
Lo! all is interchange and harmony."—ELLIOTT.

"Utque novis fragilis signatur cera figuris,
Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas servat easdem,
Nec tamen ipsa eadem est : animam sic semper eandem
Esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras."—OVID.

GARDEN! mid thee in my reflective hours
Did fancy follow oft her vagrant mood ;
And chief, I do remember I pursued
This quaint thought once among thy lawns and
flowers.

'Twas mid-day in mid June, and sultry showers
Fell fast on the dry sward : then did I trace
One essence varied through all Nature's face.
Dews rise from earth to clouds : they fall in dowers
Of beauty on her herbage ; flocks and herds
Live on this pasturage—insects and birds :
They and their produce nourish Man ; and Man,
Who walks this earth like a Divinity,
Becomes the soil from which the round began—
Strange union, interchange, and mystery !

XCVIII.

Reflection on the Foregoing.

“To preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him. To preserve him from rushing to nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty Power.”—TAYLOR'S *Holy Living and Dying*.

“Those strange and mystical transmigrations that I have observed in silkworms, turned my philosophy into divinity. There is in their works of nature which seem to puzzle reason, something divine; and hath more in it than the eye of a common spectator doth discover.”—SIR T. BROWN'S *Relig. Med.*

“Non v'accorgete voi, che noi siamo vermi,
Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla?”—DANTE.

IDLE and earthly thought! yet not all vain,
If, while I mark how all things suffer change,
And at their dissolution do but range
Into some varied form, I learn to train
Upward my speculation, till I gain
Knowledge of His frugality, more strange
Perchance than power to make and first arrange.
Things once create, themselves produce again!
Wonderful dispensation! strong to turn
Bold scoffer, timid sceptic; symboling
That souls not perish though the body die;
Hence let the Saducee-at-heart discern
In death the chrysalis state, whence Man shall spring
Buoyant on wings of immortality.

XCIX.

Garden Thoughts — Insect Life.

“Gradual from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye.
Full nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals or atoms organized.”—THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

God dwells not only in the vast and grand,
Thunder and storms, and in the pathless sea,
The high sun riding in its majesty,
And stars as countless as the sea-shore sand ;
But in the infinitely small His hand
Is ever present : His the honey bee
Probing the summer cowslip : His the free
Bold commonwealth of ants, a workman band :
His the lens-open'd world of insect life ;
And doubtless tinier myriad forms that fill
Water and air ; each with distinctive frame,
And organs all appropriate ; fit for strife,
Labour, enjoyment.* All to being came,
And have their ends from one Almighty Will.

* See note A, at the end.

C.

Garden Thoughts — Swedenborg.



“ The man whose universal eye
Hath swept at once the unbounded scheme of things.”
THOMSON'S *Seasons*.



How just his view, the mystic Swede who saw
Nature in all her forms herself repeat ;
And, dragging from its innermost retreat
Each faint resemblance, traced harmonious law
Run, like a single thread without a flaw,
Throughout creation ; uniform, complete ;
And so clomb, strand by strand, unto the seat
Of perfect Godhead, through all things that are.

All the material was to him unfurl'd,
The flag, type, symbol, of the viewless world.
He read in stones, plants, man, sun, moon, stars,
climes,
The same face many-mask'd ; Nature's own rhymes ;
Close linking by form, series, degree,
The soul to Heav'n, in sweet philosophy.

CI.

Garden Thoughts — Humboldt.

“Beginning with the depths of space and the regions of remotest nebulae we will gradually descend through the starry zone to which our solar system belongs to our own terrestrial spheroid, circled by air and ocean, there to direct our attention to its form, temperature, and magnetic tension, and to consider the fulness of organic life unfolding itself upon its surface beneath the vivifying influence of light.”—*Cosmos*.

SAGE of the all-pervading glance, thy flight
Upward, to highest heav'n, then earthward, down,
Is as the aged eagle's, who, when frown
The thunder-clouds o'er Dawalghiri's height,
Bathes his bold plumage in the flashing light ;
While, to the gazers but a speck of brown,
He sails high o'er the loftiest peaks that crown
The globe stretch'd map-like out beneath his sight.
Thence, scans the airy ocean, in whose deeps
The orb below him floats, to its far bound :
Then, all undizzied and majestic, sweeps
In ever-lowering circles, easy round,
Until he folds his wings, without a shock,
And lights in safety on the barren rock.

Garden Thoughts—Reflection on the Two Foregoing Sonnets.

—◆—

"Ατε γὰρ τῆς φύσεως ἀπασῆς συγγενοῦς οὐσης, καὶ
μεμαζήκνιαις τῆς ψυχῆς ἅπαντα οὐδὲν κωλύει ἔν μονὸν
ἀναμνήσθεντα, ὃ ἐὶ μάθησιν κάλουσιν ἄνθρωποι, τάλλα
πάντα αὐτὸν ἀνευρεῖν, εἰάν τις ἀνδρείος ἦ καὶ ἀποκάμνη
ζήτων.—PLATO, *Meno*.

—◆—

UPWARD or downward, whencesoe'er we start,
From thought or matter, from the dim star-dust,
Or from this planet's inorganic crust,
The mite unveil'd by microscopic art,
Or the emotions of the human heart,
Induction or analysis our trust,
To this conclusion come at last we must:
The universe one whole; man but a part:
Complex and various though its wonders be;
Antagonist its struggles; death with youth;
Sameness with change; with ceaseless motion rest: *
So uniform is its simplicity,
That though the riddle was not read nor guess'd,
The Orphic fragment hints perchance the truth. †

* See note B, at the end.

† See note C, at the end.

CIII.

Garden Thoughts — Man's Ministers.

“ More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of.”—GEORGE HERBERT.

SELF-SATISFIED, complacent, deaf, blind, mute,
Man marcheth selfish on from birth to death,
Unconscious how each atom minist'reth
Unto his wants or pleasures. Lo ! the brute
Feeds him, or clothes : the medicinal root
Offers him health : air gives him vital breath ;
Mellows his light ; or, trembling, whispereth
The melodies of fountain, or of flute :
His thirst is quench'd by streams, or luscious fruit :
Sun, moon, and stars, his servants are : his steed
Old Ocean : ever-varying seasons suit
His crops with fire and frost alternating :
E'en insects toil for his delight or need :—
No creature but doth some time own him king.

CIV.

Garden Thoughts — Life in Death.

“ The dust we tread upon was once alive.”—BYRON.

“ The earth that’s nature’s mother is her tomb ;
What is her burying place that is her womb.”
Romeo and Juliet.

“ THE dust we tread upon was once alive ! ”
Ay, truer than the Poet dream’d, his verse.
Earth’s surface is mortality’s full hearse,
As surely as the living’s busy hive ;
For by death chiefly doth it grow and thrive,
A sepulchre and cradle, grave and nurse ;
The spectre-bride, for better or for worse !

Whatever heights we climb, where’er we dive,
To oozy bottom, or sharp mountain face,
All once was life : in chalk and flinty cast
Oft are the forms of million ages past
Saved and enshrin’d, old Nature’s cabinet ;
And e’en in “ primal ” granite we but trace
A fire-fused mass of being earlier yet. *

* See note D, at the end.

CV.

Garden Thoughts — A Sigh.

“ God never form'd a soul,
Without its own peculiar mate to meet
Its wandering half.”—*Maria del Occidente.*

“ Durior at scopulis mea Cœlia, marmore, ferro,
Robore, rupe, antro, cornu, adamante, gelu.”
Angerianus Erotopagnion.

ALL things do mate. Go, watch the loneliest cloud
That ever sail'd across the summer sky,
And thou shalt mark it to its fellow fly.
There's not a fire mid all the starry crowd,
But fancy finds its mate-flame ; streams endow'd
By streams, commingle ; love-sick flowers do lie
Each folded in the other's arms, or sigh
Until that busy go-between hath vow'd,
The procuress bee, their intercourse to crown ;—
In pairs the sea-birds o'er the billows sweep ;—
The silver moon hath wedded sable night ;—
Rusheth each day the giant sun to drown
His hot love in the chambers of the deep :—
I only ne'er shall clasp my heart's delight.

CVI.

Garden Thoughts — The Three Days.

Ὡς κάπτα σοῦ νῦν μνείαν ἔχω.—*Medea.*

THREE days, like sister Graces, hand in hand,
 And never one without the others, rise
 Before me, oh ! how oft, with haunting eyes
 Of sad unearthly beauty—such a band
 The painter conjures up in his dream-land,
 And o'er his art, which cannot chain them, sighs.
 One shall I sing amid these “ memories,”
 When Helen's eye my college garden scann'd ;*
 The second has no mark of note, unless
 It be its luxury of idleness :
 When on the grass, with mind o'erwrought, I lay
 Vacantly gazing on the summer sky
 From morn till eve, the elm-shade chequer'dly
 Shifting athwart my face, the livelong day.

* See Sonnet 119, “ The Lime Tree Avenue.”

Garden Thoughts — The Third Day.

“It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out),
One of those heavenly days which cannot die.”
WORDSWORTH.

“The immortal spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that rill, in vision clear.”
WORDSWORTH.

THE Third excels its fellows, as a Queen
Thron'd mid her peers; among the stars, the Moon;
Or, as, when Paris gave the golden boon,
Venus outshone, on Ida's summit green,
Her Goddess rivals whom she stood between.

Ah! happy day, yet sad; begun too soon,
And too soon o'er; when by the swans in June,
Sailing on Thames, and only them was seen,
Shelter'd behind their cygnet-brooded isle,
My lingering boat near Hampton's stately pile,
When she, my heart's hope, by me sate serene,
Unguessing my long passion, nor let sink
Her pure eyes from my gaze—O God! to think
On what I am, and what I might have been!

CVIII.

Garden Thoughts — A Portrait from
Memory.

“A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”—WORDSWORTH.

HER face pure Grecian : the vermillion lips,
Half open'd by a kind smile's wave-like curl,
Disclosed two lucid rows of tempting pearl :
Her cheek, like fresh Aurora's finger-tips,
Or summer pinks whereat the wild bee sips :
Her locks, more graceful than the woodbine's whirl,
And glossier than the silk threads that enfurl
The chrysalis ; and black as hawthorn hips.
Her eyes, wells of affection fathomless,
Fring'd with the drooping lash of modesty :
Her polish'd brow, the very cage of thought,
Behind the temples blue-vein'd network caught :
Blue-vein'd her neck and hand ; and floatingly
In every motion grace and gentleness.

CIX.

Even Thoughts — Reflection on the
Foregoing — Love's Antidote.

Ἔρως γὰρ ἄργον κ' ἀπὶ τοῖς ἀργοῖς ἔφν'
φιλεῖ κάτοπτρα, καὶ κομῆς ξανθίσματα
φεύγει δὲ μόχθους.—EURIP. *Frag.*

“Love is the passion of an indolent mind.”—THEOPHRASTUS.

“Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis artes
Contemptæque jacent et sine luce faces.”—OVID.

“E pero leva su, vinci l'ambrascia,
Con l'animo che vinci ogni battaglia,
Il col suo grave corpo non s'accascia.”—DANTE.

UNHAPPY lovers, slaves of vain regret,
Behold the talisman for your distress
In toil; for Love was born of Idleness;
Upon a summer bank, with dewdrops wet,
With starry oxlip sprent, and violet
Blue-gleaming : in a mirror he doth dress
His glowing locks to order'd loveliness :
On sport and play his very heart is set ;
His labour, luxury and dalliance :
'Tis in unguarded moments he doth pass,
Still foe, into the bosom's citadel.
Beware his stratagems and snares; the dance,
The vacant mind, the wine-cup, and the glass ;
And in its fortress safe the heart shall dwell.

CX.

Garden Thoughts — Reflection on the Foregoing.

(Continued.)

“Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.”—BARBAULD.

“Rouse thyself, and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous hold,
And like a dewdrop from the lion’s mane
Be shook to air.” *Troilus and Cressida.*

Not while he builds his nest, the imperial bird
Feels his breast glow with fierce instinctive fire;
The soldier starts from languishing desire,
When the first cannon’s distant boom is heard.
By other lust than love’s, the merchant stirr’d,
Cheapens the tapestries of purple Tyre;
Far other visionary dreams inspire
The cell of student poring o’er the word
Of the primeval sages:—therefore shun
Leisure:—for Love will make himself no shrine
In minds that temple other Deities.
The whole heart’s worship he demands, or none;
And like the “wandering voice,” Spring’s earliest
sign,
Haunts but unpeopled shades, and in them sighs!

CXI.

Garden Thoughts — Fidelity.

"Tu mihi curarum requies, in nocte vel atrâ
Lumen." TIBULLUS.

I KNOW a flower that opes but when the Moon
Smiles on it from her silvery chariot way
Along the path of night: not brilliant day,
Fresh morn, nor dewy eve, nor burning noon,
Not timid April, nor hot passionate June,
Luscious July, nor rosy-blushing May,
Can tempt it from its constancy to stray.
I know a heart that hath such priceless boon
Of faithfulness in love: nor glance, nor smile,
Nor kiss, nor sigh, when far its bosom's Queen,
Can witch it from its loyal fealty;
But even day itself seems dark the while:
To other love ne'er hath it open'd been:
And if its Moon return not, closed shall die.

CXII.

Garden Thoughts — The Indian Cupid.

“ We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf.”
Romeo and Juliet.

I SEE him now, a fair and lovely boy,
The God to whom the Hindu maidens sigh,
When with the lamp-lit lotus-boat they try
Their lover's truth, their freight of woe or joy.
Not blind, like Venus' son, he doth destroy
His victims, laughing with unbandaged eye :
Upon a green-wing'd parrot he doth fly;
With whose neck, purple-ring'd, he loves to toy.
Of tender sugar-cane his bended bow,
From which the juice hath not yet ceas'd to flow
Over his fingers, clammy; the string
Of bees, whose waxen thighs together cling :
Tipp'd all with different flowers, his stingless darts
Wound, without venom, when he pierceth hearts.

CXIII.

Garden Thoughts — Jealous Love.

“For there can be no death for our true love.”—KÖRNER.

“In his stead let love for ever dwell!
Sweet love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure pleasure’s well,
Untroubled of vile fear or bitter fell.”

Fairie Queen.

MINE be a jealous love, not the mean fear,
The pitiful distrust of thoughts, words, deeds,
Which on its own gross emanation feeds ; *
An insult to the being it calls dear ;
No ; be it from such base suspicion clear :
Yet mine be jealous love ; the love that heeds
The noxious dews that rise or fall o’er meads ;
The chilly breezes of the earlier year ;
The fierce sun blazing in meridian pride ;
Storm-brooding clouds ; and household cares, that
 bend
The fair young brow, and break the heart of mirth ;
Jealous of absence from the lov’d one’s side ;
Jealous of Time, which all too soon must end
Our soul’s communion, at least here on earth.

* “The green-eyed monster,
Which makes the meat it feeds on.”—SHAKESPEARE.

CXIV.

Garden Thoughts — Woman's Love.

“When pain and sorrow wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”—SCOTT.

EVEN as a water-lily, whose pale head
Floats still above the rising water's flow,
Even such is Woman's Love! Grief's streams may
know

To wash, but never drown it :—what a spread
Of broad, bold, faithful, leaves the flower imbed,
Still coronetting the salt waves of woe :
How bashfully, yet firmly, doth it grow
Emergent from the bitter floods of dread.

Beside the smitten Puritan * his mate
Mounted the scaffold, and before the crowd
Sooth'd his stern anguish with her loyal kiss :
And Russell's noble wife beneath him sate,
Calm mid their peril now, as erst in bliss;
In her lord's service undismay'd and proud.

* John Bastwick, whose wife, when he had his ears cut off, mounted the scaffold, and kissed him before the populace.—CARLYLE's *Cromwell*.

Garden Thoughts — Friendship.



Ποτερὸν ἀδελφῷ μήτρος ἔστων ἐκ μίας ;
 φιλότῃ γ' ἔσμεν, δ' οὐ κασιγνήτῳ, γύναι·
Iphig. in Taur.

“Love cools, friendships fall off,
 Brothers divide.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Κρίνει φίλους ὁ καίρος, ὥς χρυσὸν τὸ πῦρ.—MENANDER.



FRIENDSHIP, than ties of blood more firm and sure,
 Oft loves to cast itself about the heart :
 Brothers, who ne'er in youth have liv'd apart,
 Shrink from each other, shy, and insecure,
 When manhood holds to one the dazzling lure
 Of pleasure; to the other, fame or wealth ;
 But Friendship, with more vigorous strength and
 health,

With years grows closer, hardier to endure.

So marked I yon twin ashen saplings shoot
 With equal promise from one parent root,
 Till this declin'd, drawn sideward by fierce wind,
 Or fiercer sun, and left its fellow's side :
 Unnatural void, after a time supplied
 By the fond creeper round its trunk entwinn'd.

CXVI.

Garden Thoughts — Friendship — A
Thought Ten Years Later.

“Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.”—OVID.

“Der Freundschaft stolzes Siegel tragen viele,
Die in der Prüfung's stunde treulos fliehen.
Oft sehen wir das Bild, das unsre Träume mahlen,
Aus Menschen augen uns entgegen strahlen:
Der, rufen wir, der muss es seyn!
Wir hoffen es—und es ist—schein.”—KÖRNER.

“And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?”
GOLDSMITH.

LIMNER, your lines a youthful hand betray :
Friendship is rather like a graceful reed ;
It takes root, and shoots sudden up indeed ;
'Tis fair to look on in the tender play
Of its spring leaves ; it bows it to the sway
Of the warm breezes, which in wanton speed
Shake the tall grass athwart the summer mead,
Or wave the corn-stems on an autumn day.
But 'tis a weed by nature ; it is dried
By age, and every hour more brittle grows ;
'Twill shiver and be snapp'd in twain when blows
The first keen winter wind : hollow and frail,
It cannot combat with the stormy gale :
Lean on it *now*, and it will pierce your side.

Garden Thoughts — Flowers.

Αἰ, αἰ, ταὶ μάλαχαι μὲν ἔπαν κατὰ κᾶπον ὀλῶνται
 ἢ τὰ χλῶρα σέλινά τ' εὐθαλες οὖλον ἄνηθον,
 ὕστερον ἂν ζῶνται, καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύονται,
 ἡμεῖς ὃ οἱ μέγαλοι καὶ κάρτεροι ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
 ὅποτε πρᾶτα θανῶμεν ἀνήκοοι ἐν χθόνι χοιλῇ,
 εὐδομες εὐ μαλὰ μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.

THEOCRITUS.

“For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?”—*Job* xiv. 7-10.

How many sweet thoughts and reflections wise
 Have ye called forth from meditative mind,
 Fair flowers; what influence of the gentlest kind
 Held o'er the soul, since first your dewy eyes
 Ye opened in your native paradise.
 Ne'er to the lap of luxury confin'd,
 Since have ye blossom'd : most untutor'd hind,
 Savage most rude, the fragrant chaplet ties.
 The pastoral Greek, half envious, could but weep,
 Viewing your buds revive, kindled by Spring,
 That man, once dead, no more may see the sun.
 The Christian laughs at his “eternal sleep,”
 Of endless life secure, thus arguing :
 Ye suffer many deaths, I only one.

CXVIII.

Garden Thoughts — Flowers.

“In the bosom of your purity,
A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.”

MRS. HEMANS.

BRIGHT flowers! that like a golden fringe depend,
Edging the many-coloured garb of Spring;
Ye richest gems in Beauty's mystic ring;
Ye pearls on Nature's brow, ye tints that blend
In fanciful profusion without end
Through Summer's Iris-woven carpeting;
Wherefore your fair forms? Why on Zephyr's wing
Your sweet scents to the Morning do ye send?
Whence come your winking eyes, Sun-stolen stains;
Your velvet bells, your buds like beads of foam;
Your saffron petals, streaks, and specks of light?
Wherefore?—Unless to deck Man's toilsome home
With marks of love to cheer him in his pains,
And keep his Maker constant in his sight?

CXIX.

The Lime Tree Avenue.

“Let's step into the shadow of these trees.”—*Richard II.*

DOWN to the sward, ye honied lime-trees sweep,
Waving your graceful branches in the wind ;
High over head your arching fretwork bind ;
Yet let at intervals the sunshine steep
In light the golden gravel: swell the deep
Murmur of busy bees your leaves among :
Faint be the fragrance from your foliage flung ;
Through the cool vista let there sometimes peep
A tiny patch of Summer's bright blue sky ;
A single fleecy cloud float casual by ;
Chirrup the viewless birds, while over head
Swings the green worm upon his silken thread :—
Such was the scene that happy day, when I
Through your green alley my lov'd sister led.

Poetical Aspiration.

“ Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui
 Victas et urbes increpuit lyrâ ;
 Ne parva Tyrrenum per æquor
 Vela darem.” HORACE.

As the hart panteth for the water-brook,
 My spirit thirsteth for the fount of song,
 Which, welling from the day-spring, flows along
 With Heav'n-made music :—whence blind Homer
 took,

And Milton blind, those draughts inspir'd, that look
 Like diamond molten by the Seraph throng.

A far off dweller from the land, I long,
 Nay sometime strove to enter, when there shook
 Before my dazzled eyes a flaming sword :
 Yet oft in the night season, in my dream,
 There babbles toward me, o'er the lustrous sward,
 From out the primal source, a tiny rill,
 Where, kneeling, I my fancy's chalice fill ;
 Then, waking, sigh for the swift-vanish'd stream.

The Garden Seat.

—◆—

“A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dim,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names.”

MILTON.

“In him the pure well-head of Poesy did dwell.”—SPENSER.

—◆—

ON the stone seat reclined, with half-closed eyes,
Let me, O wizard Fancy! wave awhile
Thy magic wand: Lo! what a shadowy file
Of forms repeople these thick shades: the wise,
The noble, and the beautiful, arise,
Each in his different age's garb and style:
Shorn crown, plum'd hat, cowl'd frown, mustachio'd
smile;
Ruffler, and priest, and knight, in motley guise;
Names known in British story: sages nurst
In these gray college-halls—from the throng far,
Stands one in meditative mood sublime,
Chaucer,* of English song the morning star,
Dreaming some tale or allegoric burst,
 (“The Flower and Leaf” perchance) of early rhyme.

* Those who favour the supposition that Chaucer was educated at Oxford, in preference to Cambridge, fix Merton as his college, probably because his friends Occleve and Strove were there.

The Sun Dial.

—◆—

“Non numero horas nisi serenas.”

“What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelment of lead and brass; its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spake of moderate pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the old world. Adam could scarce have missed it in paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet flowers and plants to spring by; for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by; for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd ‘carved it out quaintly in the sun’ and turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones.”—CHARLES LAMB.

—◆—

WHAT was the magic, gray and time-worn stone,
 Drew me so often to reflect on thee,
 With gaze half vacant, dream-like reverie;
 While the long shadow, on thy surface thrown,
 Crept on unmark'd? was it thy golden zone
 Graven with figures mystical: thy face
 Mingling deep shade and sunshine: thy green base
 With mosses stain'd, and lichens overgrown?
 Or did I see in thee Time's shrine, whereon
 The mighty Moments priest-like offering cast,
 Daily to the irrevocable Gone;
 The Present sacrificing to the Past?
 Or was it that thou told'st me to repent?
 Say, of the buried Hours still monument!

Shadows of Pre-Existence.

—◆—

Κατ' ἔκεινον γε τὸν λόγον, ὦ Σώκρατες, εἰ ἀλήθης ἔστιν ὅν
σὸ εἶωθας θαμὰ λεγεῖν, ὅτι μάθησις οὐκ ἄλλο τι ἢ ἀνάμνησις
τυγχάνει οὐσα, καὶ κατὰ τοῦτον ἀνάγκη ποῦ ἡμᾶς ἐν προτερῶ
τίνι χρονῶ μεμαθήκεναι ἃ νῦν ἀναμιμνησκομέθα, τοῦτο δε
ἀδύνατον εἰ μὴ ᾗν ποῦ ἡμῶν ἡ ψύχη πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρω-
πινῶ εἶδει γένεσθαι.—PHÆDO.

—◆—

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”—WORDSWORTH.

—◆—

SAY, have you never felt a conscious start
At some chance passing act, or trivial speech ;
And question'd memory in vain, to teach
The when, and where, we took the selfsame part
In word or deed ; on us it seems to dart
So all familiar ; yet, when we would reach
Forward, or to conjure it, or beseech,
It fades like ghost of necromantic art ?
Such passage comes and goeth like the wind,
We know not whence or whither : leaving the mind
Full of sweet doubt and strange perplexity—

Is it a glimpse of the Soul's former plight,
Seen faint but fair, as patch of moonlit sky,
Caught through the driving rack on gusty night ?

CXXIV.

The Rookery.

“Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.”—SHAKESPEARE.

DARK plumag'd commonwealth! for ages past,
Without a fear of ruthless boy to spoil
The callow brood, pledge of joint love and toil,
Or of the silent bolt from cross-bow cast,
High on ancestral trees secure and fast
Hath rock'd thy city free; contented they
Who from these halls and groves have pass'd away,
To hear thy citizens above the blast
In winter; and to watch in busy Spring
Thy noisy workmen their old seats repair
With plastic labour wonderful; to trace
Thy home-bound columns cluster thick in air;
And at the close of day, with circling grace,
Wheel round the chapel tower on easy wing.

The Grassplot.

“Round his bald head the brown leaves drift amain.”

VAIN, aged gard'ner, is thy toil to clear
 The lawn, which while its hue and smoothness vied
 With bright green velvet, 'twas thy simple pride
 To keep unsullied through the earlier year ;
 But now, fast fall the leaves, wither'd and sere ;—
 Hark ! how they crackle in the autumnal breeze,
 That strips them countless from their parent trees :—
 Still on the grass they lie ; then sudden rear
 Their shrivell'd forms, and whirl in witch-like
 dance !

Mocking thy threat'ning broom and tardy pace,
 Two truant children * seek, with merry glance,
 The laden barrow hid in shelter'd place.
 Alas ! old man, for all thy morning's care ;
 The loosen'd leaves fly spinning in the air.

* The children of the Warden of Merton.

CXXVI.

Merton Meadows from the Terrace
Walk.

" 'Tis raging noon, and vertical the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays."
THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

GAY with June's livery of liveliest green,
By daisies crimson-edg'd, and cowslips dyed,
Smile Merton meadows in their summer pride,
While far off Isis glints back steely sheen
Yon stately avenue's tall trees between,
Like flash of casque and spear when warriors ride.
Sweet Cherwell-waters edge the nearer side.
The sleepy cattle seek a shady screen ;
For 'tis still sultry noon : the martin wheels
Like a black spirit of night haunting the day,
His phantom circles high in the upper blue :
Shrill grasshopper clacks loud his whirring peals ;
Proud dragon-flies glance by in armour new ;
And the bee hums her homeward roundelay.

Merton Meadows.

(Continued.)

“Ἦδη πὸτ’ ἀνάβλεψας εἶδες νεφέλην κενταυρῶ ὅμοιαν
ἢ παρδάλει, ἢ λυκῶ, ἢ ταυρῶ ;—ARISTOPH. *Nubes*.

“Sometimes we see a cloud that’s dragonish ;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower’d citadel, a pendant rock,
A fork’d mountain or blue promontory,
With trees upon it, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs ;
They are black vesper’s pageants.”

Antony and Cleopatra.

“Pleasant at noon, beside the vocal brook,
To lie one down, and watch the floating cloud,
And shape to fancy’s wild imaginings
Their ever-varying forms.”—SOUTHEY.

AY! there they rush in strange fantastic race,
The Sunshine and the Shadow, o’er the mead,
Swift as Camilla in their airy speed,
One following close the other in the chase,
Sure as the smile and tear on human face.

Oft when a child, not without dread indeed,
Perch’d on some breezy hill, I loved to heed
The same wild rushings o’er the meadowy space :
And dream’d them fiery horses yoked with black ;
Or gold and ebon chains of giant size ;
Or happy angels driving shapes of sin.

Would I might view again the scudding rack
Checker the silent earth, with child-like eyes,
And read no sign of human pain therein !

CXXVIII.

Another Thought on the Same.

“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.”—*Psalm* xix. 1.

THE Sceptic bends his sullen eyes on earth,
Bow'd down, like one beneath a load of years,
With hosts of philosophic doubts and fears,
Of his perverted reason the strange birth.
To him the things of Heav'n are nothing worth,
Not judg'd by finite rules ; for his dull ears
There sings indeed no music in the spheres.
He will not turn to God in reason's dearth,
There find a cause for all things ; like the child
Who gazes awestruck on the shades that move,
He knows not why, or whence, over the field,
A troop of spectral ghosts, fearful and wild ;
Yet would he see, with one quick glance above,
Did he but lift his eyes, the cause reveal'd.

CXXIX.

The Walk of the Two Towers.



“Te cernere, finis,
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus, idem.”—BOËTHIUS.



SURELY this walk, straight, simple in its line,
Was fashion'd by some holy-hearted man,
That at each limit turning, he might scan
Thy tower, dear Merton, or fair Magdalene, thine,
Point skyward with solemnity divine :
So, while he walk'd, were his reflections given
In ceaseless meditation to the Heav'n,
Of which his eyes beheld the earthly sign :—
Thus, while slow-pacing, often pausing, there,
I loved, perchance erroneously, to dream ;
And oh ! methought, with an unutter'd pray'r,
May my life's pathway, level, straight, and true,
Like this with cause for holy breathings teem,
Begin and end with God, Him alway view.

[There was in Merton Gardens a broad, straight walk, where a beautifully picturesque effect was produced by introducing at either end of the vista the chapel towers of Magdalene and Merton.]

A Doubt of Identity.

“Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself I do not find the battle of separate passion against reason, reason against faith, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me that’s angry with me, rebukes me, commands, and dastards me.”—*Religio Medici*.

“Sirenum voces et Circe pocula nosti.”—HORACE.

SURELY I am twice self—but which is *I*,
 I know not ; whether he who thinks and writes
 These sonnets ; in all-pure and good delights ;
 Loves contemplation and sweet charity,
 And upward trains his spirit to the sky :
 Or he who outflies Folly’s wildest flights ;
 The sower of the bitter jest that bites ;
 Who clings to life’s gross sensuality ;
 This shame ; this double-face,—this fiend that mocks
 His own faith and conviction wilfully ;
 This low mean plodder after worldly pelf ;
 This doubt ; this devil-angel-paradox,—
 O God ! which is and which is not myself ?
 Which is the truth, and which hypocrisy ?

CXXXI.

Self—The Past.

“Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live.”—*Psalm xxxix. 5.*

“Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.”

Hamlet.

“The shades of former and of future years,
Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,
Quelling a fancy that was once elate.”—*Hood.*

“Be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown
What need a man forestall his dole of joy,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!”—*Comus.*

“Hic locus est partes ubi se via findit in ambas.”—*VIRGIL.*

UPON the summit of the bridge, whose span
Archeth from birth to death, awhile I rest;
And what vague shadowy terrors shake my breast,
While the descending half I seek to scan
Of the threescore and ten years meted man.
So few misfortunes round my feet have press'd,
With such continuous good have I been blest,
Ills only sure must frown upon my van—
Quick, let me cast away some cherish'd vice,
Like Polycrate of Samos, when he threw
Into the deep his jewel beyond price,
To dash his o'erswoll'n fortunes; or the Jew,
That brake at wedding feast the precious bowl,
Lest too much joy should fill the reveller's soul.

CXXXII.

Self — The Future.

"Back, thou complainer ; loathe thy life no more,
Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore,
Because the rocks the nearer prospect close."

KEBLE.

Oh ! FAINT not, weary spirit, nor despair,
If Life's half-travell'd way, which seem'd in youth
Joyous as merriment, open as truth,
Warm as affection, and as pleasure fair,
Be dark'ning over now with storms of care,
The path no longer easy, straight, and smooth,
But rugged, and beset by forms uncouth,
That lower upon thee through the shadowy air.

You are not left alone, dear heart, to die ;
A thousand beamy hopes shall rise to cheer
The dark ; and Heavenly pity weeps for you :
'Tis when the glaring Sun hath left the sky,
That stars, Eve's many-twinkling lamps, appear :
In cold nights only doth Earth radiate dew.

CXXXIII.

Self—The Future.

(Continued.)

“Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit, et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est.”—OVID.

BIRDS fill the forests, silent else, with song :
Stars touch with flame the sooty vault of Night :
Trees lift a tent-shade against heat and light :
Vales wind each stony mountain-foot along :
And flowers upon their rocky summits throng.
Thus side by side hath God vouchsafed to write
In chequer'd characters the dark and bright,
The barren and the fruitful, weak and strong.

'Tis ever thus—The founts of human joy
Rise up beside the bitter waves of woe :
So leaping from his boat, the fisher-boy
Scoops with his hollow-palm the shallow sand
By the salt breakers on the Ocean strand,
And drinks the fresh sweet waters as they flow.

CXXXIV.

Compensations.



"'Tis light translateth night; 'tis inspiration
Expounds experience; 'tis the west explains
The east; 'tis time unfolds eternity."—*Festus*.



For every joy, a sorrow: for each bane,
Its antidote: good, evil: darkness, light:
For labour, health: troubles for wealth and might:
For each excess, defect: for loss, its gain:
For every sin, remorse: for pleasure, pain:
For folly, wit: for bitter, sweet: wrong, right:
Heat, cold: for matter, spirit: day for night:
For motion, rest: ebbing, for flowing main:
Attraction, for repulsion: for the male,
The female: strength, for weakness: peace, for war:
For crime, its retribution: its reward,
For abstinence: for plenty, dearth: for sale,
Purchase: for Time, Eternity:—what more?—
For Devils, the Archangel's flaming sword!

Self—The Present.

“He who ascends the mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow.”

“Let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in their presence reassure
My feeble virtue.”—BRYANT.

BETTER perchance, as 'tis, that I should pass
Tranquil and even days in solitude,
Nursing apart my quaint poetic mood,
And, as 'twere, in phantasmagoric glass,
To conjure up each phase of what I was,
To ruminate some sweet, much bitter food,
And rather only missing to be good,
Than to be bad, worse tempted!—

Let thy mass

Fume on, old Europe; crush, be crush'd by thrones;
Burn with sectarian hate; cringe; flatter; sneer;
Throw the false die of party-politics;
And wade for wealth through filth blacker than
Styx—

'Tis a kind fate which rolleth half a sphere
Betwixt me and your laughter or your groans.

The Present — Coromandel.

“ ’Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell.”—MILTON.

HERE on this isle, where none beside me dwells,
Let me, the while my lonely leisure flies,
Fathom all past and present histories;
Reading the World's tale from the sea-worn shells,
Time's medals, on whose face he marks and tells
Creation-dates through countless centuries:
And be it mine, with calm, clear, piercing eyes,
Here, where no bias turns, no passion swells,
Or head or heart, the present acts of Man
To view; as from some promontoried steep
The peerer through the glassy-surfac'd wave,
Which on a summer noon no breezes fan,
A thousand fathom downward in their grave,
Surveys the buried cities of the deep.

Coromandel — Quiet.

“Wisdom’s self
Oft seeks for sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.”—MILTON.

“Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.”—HEBER.

HERE be it mine, when India’s flame-breathed day
Hath parch’d the bones, and fever’d all the blood,
To push forth in my shallop on the flood,
Supine on deck, while the sea-breezes play
Cool on the brow, what time the Sun’s last ray
Shoots up long lines of green and gold that stud
The western sky, all crimson else as blood.
Then, as the gorgeous vision fades away,
Mid the sole sounds, the paddle’s tuneful plash,
And the far surf-roll of the waves that dash
Lazily on the Coromandel shore,
To watch the white Moon don her silver dress,
While, one by one, the shy stars evermore
Come sparkling forth, like fireflies numberless.

CXXXVIII.

Bells.



“ Bid the merry bells ring to thine ear.”

Second Part of King Henry IV.



RING it out bravely, o'er the sacred pile,
Ye merry Merton bells ! throughout the vale
With momentary changes tell the tale ;—
The Queen of all broad England's sea-girt isle
Within the chapel transept stands the while—
The rower on the waters pauseth still ;
The lonely wanderer on the distant hill
Hears the chimes rise, and turns him with a smile—
The workman drops his labour at the peal ;
His wife and children don their best array ;
And the whole City in its loyal zeal
Hastes at the tidings to také holiday—
Still with mad mirth the signal swells and swells ;—
Ring it out bravely, merry Merton bells.

[This was on the occasion of the visit of the Queen Dowager Adelaide to Oxford.]

CXXXIX.

Bells.

(Continued.)



"I love the bells that call the poor to pray."—SOUTHEY.

"Dear bells! How sweet the sound of village bells,
When on the undulating air they swim;
Now loud as welcomes, faint, now, as farewells,
And trembling all about the breezy dells,
As flutter'd by the wings of cherubim."—T. HOOD.



RATHER than this wild rioting of glee,
Pensive, I love, sweet chapel bells, to hear
Your Sabbath summons, melancholy, clear,
Distinct, and slow: yet let the music be
Mellow'd by distance ere it reaches me.
Ye reverend tow'rs, time-stain'd with many a year,
For God, not Man, your solemn voices rear;
Better such tones than those of revelry
Befit your office and your hoary age—
So in some priest, in God's long service white,
After a life in holy worship spent,
Men love not sudden bursts of merriment;
But when their hearts for God he would engage,
Listen entranc'd in satisfied delight.

CXL.

Cherwell from the Terrace.

“ See the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep.”—DYER.

'Tis Evening !—With a mind to which the shade
Somewhat of its own sombre hues hath lent,
On the old terrace-wall far forward bent,
I watch, while slowly the last sunbeams fade
Behind the trees of Christ-Church' lengthen'd glade,
Cherwell, thy tributary waters glide
Onward to Isis' breast, a silver tide,
Winding, mid willow-drooping banks embay'd—
Yea ! typical thine unambitious flow,
Of those brief years to lone seclusion given,
When studious days in modest current go,
Noiseless, unruffled, swift, unsullied, even,
Unrippled, foamless, eddyless, till hurl'd
Into the larger waters of the world !

CXLI.

Cherwell from the Terrace.

(Continued.)

“Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.”—HORACE.

ARISTOCRATIC stream! Thou who dost brook
No trade upon thy waters! never soil
Thy purity the barge and sons of toil!
For gentle lovers only dost thou look:
Ne'er hast thou been, ne'er shalt thou be, forsook
By Youth and Pleasure, who with dripping oar
Through the green meadows on thy banks explore
Each azure bend, and lily-bearing nook;
The pool by bathers sought, glassy and still:
The shady reach where the dark willows bend:
Thine angler-haunted current by the mill:—
Beautiful river! why should I rehearse
Faintly thy charms, when he who *was* my friend
Hath given thee sweeter and more burning verse.*

* “The Cherwell Water Lily.”

CXLII.

A Thought on Past Friendship.

“In a word, but now worth this,
And now worth nothing.”—*Merchant of Venice.*

Χείματος γὰρ ἀγρίου
τυχούσα, λίμενας ἦλθες ἐς εὐήμερους.
Andromache.

NAY, never speak to me again of love;
For I have ventured once upon Love's sea
My trustful spirit, like an argosie
Trick'd bravely out with flaunting flags above;
Its freight, the spices from some Eastern grove,
Or sunny isle, with gems of priceless cost—
Far o'er the faithless waters are they tost;
For vain with fickle winds my vessel strove,
When all my treasures (hopes and joys) were lost—
Why should the lonely-hearted mariner
From out his sheltered solitary cove,
A calm and quiet harbour, seek to stir,
Fearful of waves with bare life hardly crost?
Nay, never speak to me again of love!

CXLIII.

Evening Thoughts.

“The twilight star to heav’n,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
In the cool soft evening hours.”

MRS. HEMANS.

THE mind, o’erwrought with the day’s pleasing
toils ;

Hard mastery of old black-lettered law,
The gleanings of wise saying and quaint saw
From half-forgotten book ; turning up soils
Of learning long left fallow ; trophying spoils
Of conquer’d knowledge ; stooping o’er to draw
From Poetry’s deep wells ; not without awe
Threading the maze that Plato’s spirit coils ;
Or holier task, re-reading through The Book
First lisp’d in childhood at our Mother’s knee ;
The mind, now saturate with calm, doth rest
Awhile, till Fancy dons her silver vest ;
And thoughts on thoughts forth singly flashing look,
Like stars, through the dark Heav’n of Memory.

CXLIV.

Recurring Fancies.

“The present still is echo of the past.”—YOUNGE.

THEY come! The phantoms of departed Thought,
All life-like in their beauty, tho' their gleam
Is of a fainter presence, and they seem
Like spectral images of roses wrought
By the old Alchymist, whose magic caught
The faded flower's fast-fleeting soul, a dream
As fair as harmless——

Hush! Their voices stream
Upon me with a lingering echo brought
Back from the Past with softer, sweeter, note!
Dim ghosts of vanish'd sunlight! sounds that throng
My spirit like the well-remember'd song
Of nightingales that used at eve to float,
From her laburnum-blossom'd margin flung,
O'er Cherwell's liliated wave, when I was young.

Nightingales in the Botanical Gardens.

Πυκνόπτεροι δ'

'Εσὼ κατ' αὐτον εὖστομονος' ἀήδονες.—SOPH. *Æd. Col.*

"Most musical, most melancholy."—*Il Penseroso.*

"O nightingale, thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart :
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce
Tumultuous harmony and fierce :
Thou sing'st as if the God of Wine
Had help'd thee to a Valentine.—WORDSWORTH.

Who said, sweet Nightingale, thy song was sad ? *
Hark ! from the neighbouring grove's thick golden
bloom

Still faintly shining through the deep'ning gloom,
Bursts thy triumphant music, wildly glad !
So must have shouted the Bacchante, mad
With irrepressible joy ; thou from the rout
In thine own Tempe's vale did'st learn the shout :
Nor stops the strain, but swells ; for thou hast bade
Thy mates mid the laburnum blossoms vie
With thee for mastery, and twenty throats
In tuneful quarrel wake for victory :—
Up with the joyous discord, as it floats
On the close air, my lagging spirits fly :—
Thanks, gentle warblers, for your mirthful notes.

* See note E, at the end.

CXLVI.

“Tom” of Christchurch.

“A thought
Of private recollection, sweet and still.”—WORDSWORTH.

ONE hundred and one times the mighty sound,
Such as when Vulcan forg'd the War God's shield,
Startled the Lemnian shepherd in his field,
Hath Christ Church giant bell swung out around,
And the night-songster's voice melodious drown'd :
Yet on mine ear did the tone's volume fall
Not fearful, but sad, solemn, musical,
Tho' frighted air yet shakes with the rebound :—
Nor strange ; for my note-stricken memory
Hath wander'd to the village where I spent
Some of youth's happiest days, where yet the proud
Old Norman law had not to fashion bent,
And Curfew nightly woke the silent sky
With sounds as slow, as solemn, tho' less loud.

[The great bell of Christ Church, well known as Tom, nightly strikes 101 times, immediately after which the college gates are all closed. The “village” (though, perhaps, it would scarcely like to hear its township, with its market-place and quarter sessions house, so called) in which the curfew still tolls, is Sleaford, in Lincolnshire.]

CXLVII.

Conclusion.

"Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Icarum,
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui, mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."—HORACE.

"Solve senectutem maturo sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum."—HORACE.

HARD is the task—hopeless, perchance—to doff
A lifetime's habits, which long use hath made
Our second nature ; yet have kings * display'd
In age the Stoic, and, despite the scoff
Of multitudes, their regal robes put off.
But did the change, for that's the question, bring
Ease, or unease, to each unsceptred king ?

The batter'd sailor tries again the trough
Of angry seas—from his completed store
The merchant sighs to make one venture more.
Can worldly thoughts be cast aside at will,
As the tired traveller shakes his sandal loose ?
The troubled waters at command be still ?
The man of bustling toil turn staid recluse ?

* See note F, at the end.

CXLVIII.

Conclusion.

(Continued.)

“The most active or busy man that hath been or can be, hath, no question, many vacant times of leisure while he expecteth the tides and returns of business; and then the question is but how those spaces and times of leisure shall be filled and spent, whether in pleasure or studies?”
—BACON’S *Advancement of Learning*.

“He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft is not unwise.”—MILTON.

“Quando mi vidi giunto in quella parte,
Di mia eta, dove ciasum dovrebbe
Calar le vele e raccoglier le sarte,
Cio che pria me piaceva allor m’increbbe.”—DANTE.

“Collige, non omni tempore messis erit.”

YES! there’s a path not often spied by those
Jostling along Life’s million-throng’d highway,
Which, when strength fails, and bustle’s o’er, and day
Is sinking, leads to bowers of calm repose.

Mark Bacon, fall’n from power, gild o’er his close
With beaming Wisdom, like a sunset ray:
See Walpole’s peace of mind pass with his sway,
And his old habits prove his strongest foes!

Steal sometimes, thou, from out life’s glare and heat,
To philosophic shades, a cool retreat;
List to the Poet’s bird-note, as he soars;
Pluck Meditation’s ripe and mellow fruits;
Gather Art’s flowers; delve for Science’ roots;
And fill thy Summer scrip with Winter stores.

CXLIX.

Conclusion.

(Continued.)

“Vittas Vestamque portantem,
Æternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.”
Æneid, lib. ii.

“Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina.”

“Velle licet; potiri non licet.”

WHEN the Greek colonist was forc'd to roam,
Compell'd by want, or love of liberty,
In search of happier fortunes o'er the sea,
Just ere he plung'd his trireme in the foam,
He snatch'd the fire from Vesta's temple dome,
On his new shrines to burn unquenchedly :—
Merton, I bore such spark of love from thee,
And in my heart still flames the constant comb.

My longing still deludeth my belief;
For oft my fond imagination shows
Thy hoary gables, full of sweet repose,
Rising beyond the waves of toil and grief:
So heated Fancy saw from Teneriffe
The Western World, long ere Columbus rose.

Conclusion.

“Enough to live in tempest, die in port.”—YOUNGE.

“Αἰ εὖ ἑλπίδες βόσκουσι φύγαδας ὡς λόγος.

EURIPIDES.

“Vixi, et quem dederat cursum Fortuna, peregi.”—VIRGIL.

“Sic mihi contingit vivere, sicque mori.”

“Inveni portum, spes et fortuna, valete :
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.”

“Ire tamen restat Numa quo devenit et Ancus.”—HORACE.

I FEEL that it may never be, yet sweet
The hope on cheers me in my barren lot ;
So the lone wand'rer in some desert spot
Toils forward, with fix'd eyes, through mid-day heat,
And finds at eve the fancied springs a cheat :
Such is my dream, when my declining age
The trammels of the world no more engage,
To find in thee, or near, a calm retreat,
Dear Merton ; there to claim at last a home :
There with poetic Plato let me soar ;
There in thy well-loved garden let me roam,
Unmark'd ; there let me ponder silently
The chequer'd past ; and, “life's brief pageant” o'er,
There, in thy churchyard let the old man lie.

“Εγκλείετ', εἶρηται γαρ.—*Hecuba*.

Εἶρηκα, ἀκήκοατε, ἔχετε. κρίνατε.

NOTES.

Note A, page 99.

What are the limits of organic life it is impossible for us to say. Our investigation seems only bounded by our limit of vision, a truth which holds equally with regard to microscopic inspection as to the space-penetrating power of the telescope.

How wonderfully minute some insects are, may be gathered from the note to Sonnet 104; and, in addition to the facts there enumerated, we may add, that in the same volume as that of the Bilin polishing slate, Ehrenberg has discovered between two and three billions of the *Gallionella ferruginea*.

A drop of stagnant water contains myriads of animalcules, sporting about and battling with and preying upon one another. To them it is an *ocean*; and Sir John Hill's beautiful though somewhat overcharged description of the microscopic view of a carnation, shows us that a single flower may be a world-wide dominion to a host of beautiful and lovely creatures.

When it is recollected that each of these minute animals springs from something inconceivably smaller, and has parts and organs adapted for its sphere of life, and think how infinitely more minute each of those parts must necessarily be than the entire animal, we are lost in wonder at the power and delicacy manifested in their creation.

But animalcules abound in the most secret recesses of life. Not only birds, beasts, and plants, and their several species, have each their appropriate species of parasite, but even the microscopic and infusorial animalcules seem to be the prey of sycophantic beings infinitely tinier than themselves; but, further, particular *portions* of animals seem to be the seats of particular and distinct races of infusoria. It would be fatiguing to enumerate all the classes that have been discovered; suffice it to say, that they exist in the gums of man, in the blood of frogs and salmon, in the gills of bream, and even in the fluid of the eyes of fishes. Of a verity, the productive powers of Nature seem boundless. Nor is she less wonderful in the adaptation of means to her end. Let us select two instances,

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both taken from the same animal. The eye of the butterfly is composed of 34,000 distinct lenses, each of itself a separate magnifying glass of considerable power; and the dust or meal upon its wings is, in reality, composed of distinct feathers, of which there are 44,000 to the square inch. Yea, wonderful is Nature :—

“Age cannot wither her : nor custom stale
Her infinite variety!”

Note B, page 102.

“With ceaseless motion rest.”

Existence seems to be one continued struggle between these two principles : and rest is death. How little are we conscious of the nature and velocity of the motions among which we live and have our being. Eyes have we, and see not ; ears, and hear not. To give one instance, the common fly makes 600 strokes of his wings in *one second* ; which he can increase, on alarm, six or seven fold, or to 4,200 beats ! But what is this ? Human hearing seems to be bounded to about nine octaves, from the lowest pitch of the organ to the highest cry of insects. The lowest musical note is made by sixteen vibrations of sound in a second ; the highest by 24,000 ; the difference depending upon the rapidity of the vibrations : “But there is nothing in the nature of the atmosphere,” says Woolaston, “to prevent the existence of vibrations incomparably more frequent than any of which we are conscious ;” so that insects may take up a scale of notes commencing where our hearing ends. Light travels 190,000 miles a second. The difference of colour in the rays of light depends upon the different numbers of vibrations. These have been measured. The molecules of ether producing the extreme red of the solar spectrum, perform 458 *millions of millions* of vibrations in a second ; those producing the extreme violet, accomplish 727 millions of millions in the same time. Professor Wheatstone’s ingenious experiments, extending to the millionth part of a second, show that the speed of electricity is incomparably greater than that of light ; and that of gravitation has been proved to be *fifty million* times greater than that of light !

We are accustomed to see in the starry heavens the very symbol of rest and stillness. Let us consider a few of the *facts* connected therewith.

The earth, whose diameter is about 8,000 miles, rotates on its axis at the rate of 1,900 miles an hour ; and *round the sun* at a distance of 95,000,000 of miles in a year ; so that it moves through space at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour. The sun, whose diameter is 800,000 miles, rotates

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on its axis in 25 days 10 hours. The comet of 1685 moved at the rate of 880,000 miles an hour, travelling half round the sun in $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours; its period being 575 years. The moon revolves about the earth in 27 days 8 hours, and round her own axis in the same time, her diameter being 2,180 miles. Mars moves in his orbit at the rate of 55,000 miles an hour. Jupiter, whose diameter is 489,000 miles, rotates on its axis in 9 hours 26 minutes; so that at its equator it moves at the rate of 28,000 miles an hour, nearly twenty-seven times swifter than the earth. Its rate through space is 29,000 miles an hour. Jupiter's nearest moon is 230,000 miles distant from its centre, yet it travels round him in $42\frac{1}{2}$ hours! The fourth moon, which is a million miles distant, in 16 days! Saturn's belt, whose diameter is 200,000 miles (and which would consequently reach nearly from the earth to the moon) revolves round its planet in $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours, at the rate of 100,000 miles an hour, fifty-eight times swifter than the earth at its equator. Herschell, the slowest moving body in the system, goes through space at the rate of 15,000 miles an hour. Besides this planetary motion round the sun, the sun and all his system are carried forward through space at the rate of 60,000 miles an hour. Venus moves 80,000, and Mercury 109,000 miles an hour. Among the *fixed* stars all is motion. If each is a sun as large as or superior to ours, doubtless it has its planetary system, though these planets are too small to be visible to us at their immense distances; just as we are invisible to them, yet their motions must be analogous to ours. In the phenomenon of the double and triple stars, we have suns revolving round each other in periods varying from 30 to 1,600 years!

Who, after this, will again regard the heavens as the type of *rest*? Yet assuredly the mistaken notion is replaced by one not less wonderful or majestic.

Note C, page 102.

The doctrine to which I allude is that of Orpheus preserved by Athenagoras, in which he makes an egg the primary origin of all things. the idea is ridiculed by Aristophanes in the *Aves*, where the term *ὑπηνεμίον* is evidently satirical.

Ἐρεβοῦς ἐν ἀπείροσι κολπος
τίκτει πρώτιστον ὑπηνεμίον νύξ ἡ μελανόπτερος ὦον,
ἐξ οὗ περιτελλομεναῖς ωραῖς ἔβλασταιν Ἐρώς ὀποθείνος
στῆλβων νώτον περικυτῶν χρυσοῖν.

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The same idea is to be found in the Indian account of creation. In Menu translated by Sir W. Jones, we find the following passage:—"He" (Brahm) "first with a thought created the waters and placed in them a productive seed; that seed became an egg bright as gold, blazing like the luminary with a thousand beams, and in that egg he was born himself in the form of Bramah, the great forefather of all spirits." The Egyptians too, according to Eusebius, "call the maker of the universe by the name of Cneph, and relate that he sent forth from his mouth an egg, which in their symbolical language denotes that he produced the universe."

Now I do not refer to the Orphic fragment as pointing out the origin of the Creator himself, or refer creation to chance, or other atheistical origin, but simply as a curious coincidence with that which modern science is verifying daily, that the primary form of all matter impressed on it by the Creator is oval or circular.

Dr. Harvey's principle, "*omnia ab ovo*," becomes ever more and more applicable to all the kingdoms of Nature; for whether we take up physiology, botany, or mineralogy, far as the acutest microscopic power can search, we still find the molecular oval at the base of all matter, and every created thing, so far as we can yet judge, seems ultimately resolvable into this simple form.

All *organic* life, from that of man downward, may be traced to this; and even the fetal egg itself seems to contain a triple illustration of the same fact; for in it we find the germinative vesicle, and in that again the germinative dot. The blood is composed of such molecules, so is bone: such is the structure of the primary tissues.

In the vegetable kingdom, plants, from the seed and sprouting of the cotyledon up to the full formation of the concentric rings which proclaim a growth of 5,000 years, are literally built up of innumerable "eggs," the vesicles and tubes which compose the elementary organs being cavities surrounded by a membrane, only differing in the greater or less elongation of the tube.

Even in the mineral kingdom, where from the angular form of substances, and from the angles which the eye can visibly see forming and arranging themselves during the process of crystallization, we should least expect it, Woolaston found it necessary, in order to reconcile various incongruities to construct a theory according to which the *primitive* particles of crystals are to be considered as spherical molecules; oblate and oblong spheroids affording a solution of rhomboidons (such as calc spar), and equiangular prisms whose cleavage corresponds with that of phosphate of lime, beryl, and other minerals.

Fluids, which imply spaces between the particles, must be composed of such forms, which yield most readily to pressure; and hence we pass by an easy transition to the gases, which, as they are indefinitely compressible and elastic, would, *a fortiori*, appear to be primarily of the same forms.

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What may be the primary form of matter in other orbs than our own, it is of course impossible to decide; but we may conjecture with some degree of probability, so far as concerns the planets and stars of our own immediate system. We find mountains in the moon, and snow and ice in the polar regions of Mars, and those meteoric stones which have reached the surface of the earth, and which are now determined not to be of either telluric or Selonic origin, but fragmentary independent masses traversing space in their own orbit round the sun, present to chemical analysis the same elements as those of this earth; for they are resolvable into nickel, iron, cobalt, manganese, chromium, copper, arsenic, zinc, potash, soda, sulphur, phosphorus and carbon—nearly one-third of all the known simple bodies. Nor is this surprising, if we reflect that all the masses revolving round the sun have probably at some period or other been thrown off from the solar atmosphere and been formed from rings of vapours describing their orbits as they cooled and condensed around the central body. Thus we trace them up to one common origin.

The question becomes more obscure when viewed with reference to the stars and nebulae beyond and independent of our system, and isolated clusters in the great map or "garden" of the heavens; because from the extreme remoteness of these bodies (light, which travels at the rate of 190,000 miles per second, taking two millions of years to reach us from the farthest), and from the slender nature of the connections between them and us—light, heat, and gravitation or attraction (manifested in the motion of the double stars)—it is next to impossible that we can ever do more than ascertain their volume, mass and density, while we must remain for ever ignorant of their physical elementary structure. Yet they emit light; and though the Creative Power is illimitable, and can no doubt produce similar appearances and effects from totally different forms and substances, surely it is not a derogatory view of His might to believe that one and the same uniform simplicity of primary form and structure pervades and characterizes and runs throughout the entire universe; even if other stars are the seats of infinitely and inconceivably higher orders of organisms?

It is unnecessary in this place to pursue this train of reflections further. I have already said enough to justify my suggestion of the truth of the "oval theory." I would, however, remark, that whereas modern science has increased the ancient elements from four to fifty-five, yet such increase is owing, not to the substances being themselves undecomposable, but from our inability to decompose them; and as chemistry is of all the physical sciences in the most unsettled state, a single discovery may at any moment revolutionize many of our present notions, and we may yet chance to find matter resolvable into one or more simple elements; so that the ancients will, after all, have been much nearer the truth than ourselves as to the numbers, though not in point of quality, of elementary substances.

NOTES.

Note D, page 104.

The time requisite for the formation of the globe is beyond calculation, supposing, with Lyell, that the process has been such only as we now see daily progressing. It is a curious speculation that there is probably no portion of the earth's superficial crust which has not at some period or other been organized; yet modern science has nearly verified the fact. Mud, clay, and stratified rocks are composed chiefly of decomposed vegetable matter. The remains of vegetable life very far exceed those of animal organisms; yet a single species of fossil, such as *Goniatites*, *Trilobites*, or *Nummulites*, sometimes constitutes whole mountains. Ocean and even the ice of polar regions are found to swarm with microscopic life; and the death of *Diatomaceæ* in the South Arctic Ocean, on the shores of Victoria Land, and at the base of the volcanic mountain Erebus, produces a submarine deposit consisting of the siliceous particles of their skeletons. The minutest of the *Infusoria*, the *Monadidæ*, whose diameter does not exceed 1-3000th part of a line, form subterranean strata of many fathoms deep. Dust blown off the African shore to a distance of 330 miles, contained the remains of eighteen species of siliceous shelled polygastric animalcules. Chalk has now revealed to the microscope its animal origin (the *Polythalmia*); and Ehrenberg has calculated that a cubic inch of the polishing slate of Bilin, in Bohemia, contains no less than 41,000,000 of the *Gallionea distans*.

In granite and other igneous rocks, we cannot, of course, expect to meet with organic remains, which, from their fragile character, must necessarily have undergone a complete transformation under the action of intense heat, when they were in a molten state, at a great depth beneath the surface of the ground; yet before they acquired their present crystalline texture, they must have undoubtedly experienced an earlier period when their materials were deposited in the form of mud, sand, marl, or limestone; a consideration which only leads us back to an earlier period of organic production and decay.

We have, however, by a most unexpected discovery of Ehrenberg, a glimpse of the truth of the above supposition; for, he says, the ashes and pumice enveloping Pompeii, consist in a great part of organic and fresh water origin, being the siliceous cases of microscopic infusoria? Nor is this an isolated fact. On the Rhine, several beds of tuff and pumiceous conglomerate are ascertained to be made up of the same siliceous cases, half fused, and invisible to the naked eye. Ninety-four distinct species have been discovered in a single bed more than 150 feet thick at Hochsumner. So also in Mexico, Peru, and the Isle of France, the pumice and dust thrown up during eruptions record the same origin, together with small particles of vegetable matter.

NOTES.

Note E, page 145.

For my own part, I never could think the song of the nightingale sad: it always seems to me what Mrs. Hemans says of the lark, "triumphant glee." Perhaps poets have chosen to fancy the notes sad from the story of Philomela. It would be a work of supererogation to collect the passages in which her sadness is spoken of. Those in our own language are well known; the following are some among the many in Greek and Latin authors:—

ὕμναι πολυχорδοτατᾷ
 γηοῦ παιδολέτωρ
 μελοπόιας ἀήδονις μέριμναν.—EURIP.

Populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ.—VIRG.

Flet noctem ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et mæstis lati loca quæstibus implet.—VIRG.

ἄλινον ἄλινον
 οὐδ' οἴκτρος γόον ὄρνιθος ἀηδοῦς
 ἦσει δύσμερος. SORH.

ἔαρον νέον ἵσταμένοιο
 δενδρῶν ἐν πεταλοῖσι καζηζομένην πυκιναῖσι
 ἦτε θᾶμα τρωπῶσα χεῖι πολυχέεα φώνην.—HOM.

I agree rather with Chaucer, who speaks of the "merrie nightingale;" and Coleridge, who has beautifully carried out what I conceive to be the more healthy idea.

Note F, page 147.

Dioclesian, Maximian, and Charles V. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, relates a similar story of Zamor, a Polish monarch. So Herischeandra, an Indian king, after divesting himself of all his possessions in favour of the sage Visamitra, became voluntarily the slave of a Chandala, one of the very lowest castes. The eccentric Christina ever regretted her voluntary abdication of the Swedish throne. Celestine V.

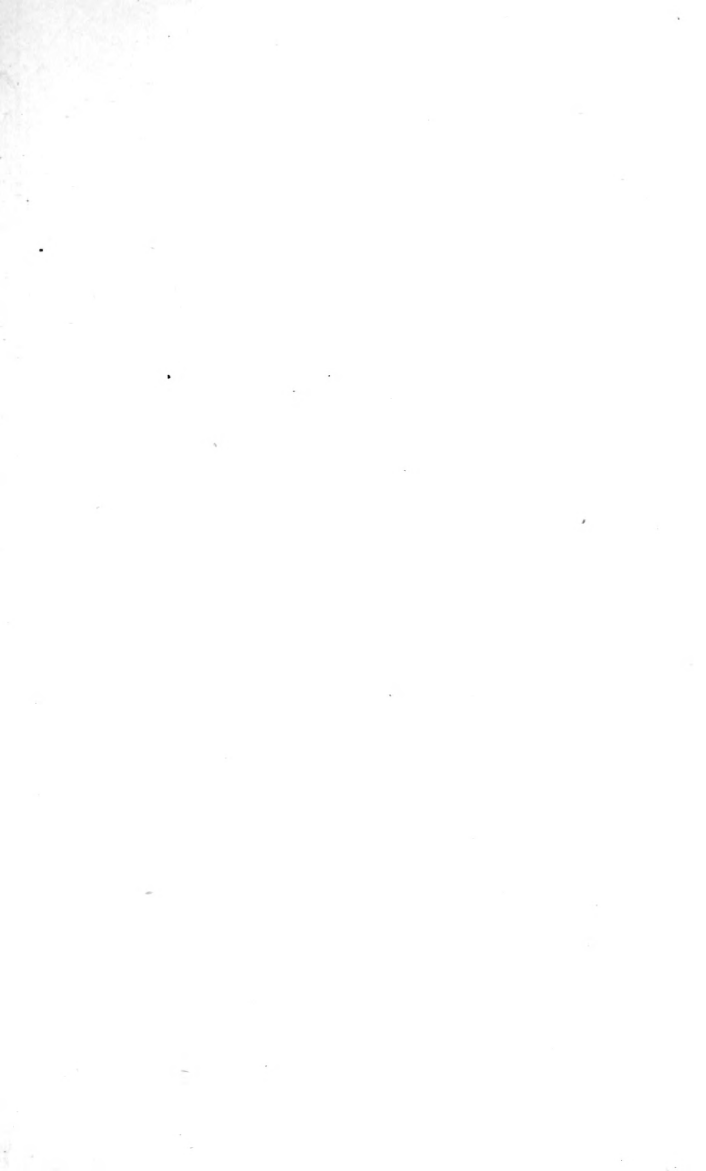
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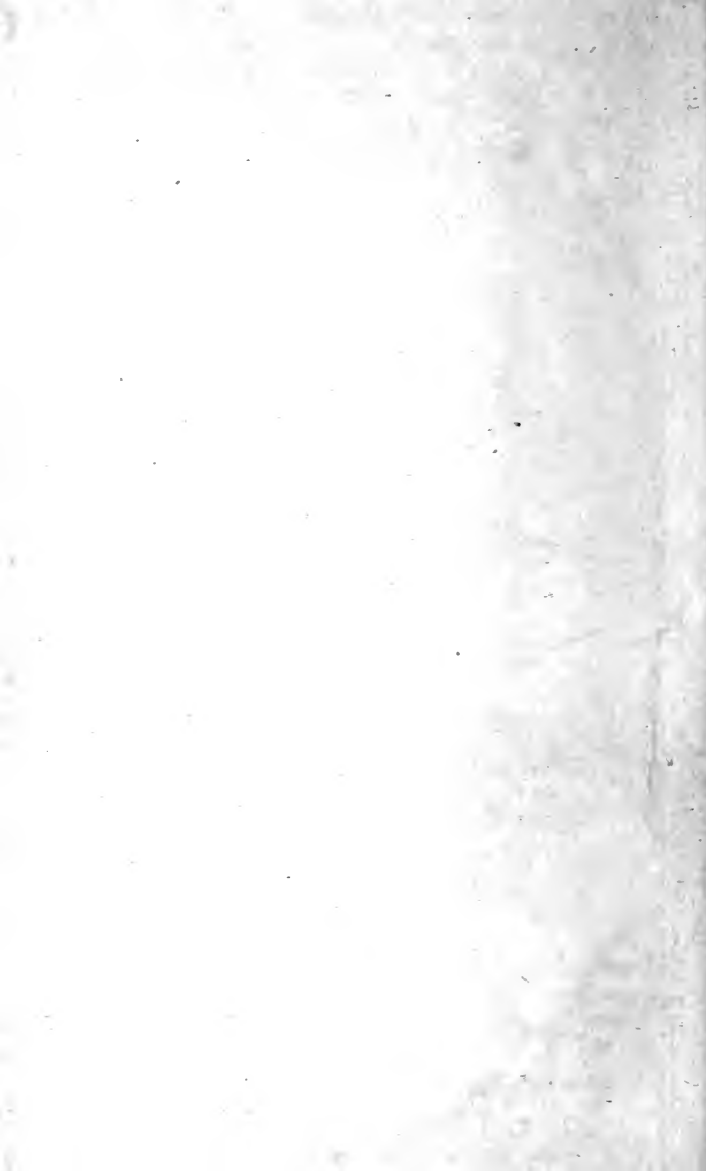
resigned the papal chair, but it is questionable if he was not tricked out of it. William of Bavaria retired to the life of a hermit in 1596. In 1668, John Casimir, King of Poland, quitted his throne for an abbey. In 1724 Philip V. resigned his crown in favour of his son Don Louis, and retired to Saint Ildefonso, with a solemn vow never to resume his crown. In 1730, the ambitious Victor Amadæus resigned the kingdom of Sardinia. His subsequent conduct, however, showed that he bitterly repented his act.

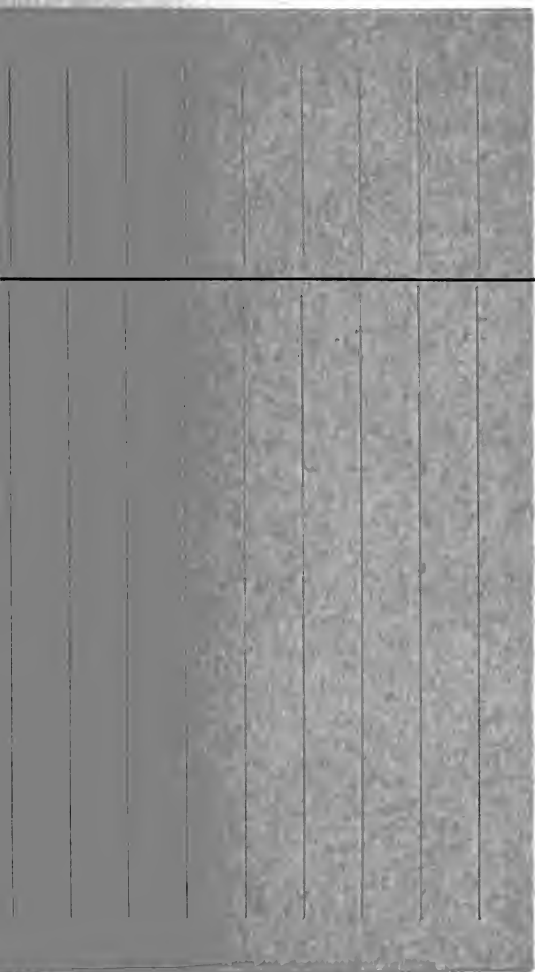
The sincerity of Dioclesian is beyond question; his entire happiness after his abdication may admit of some doubt. He probably never desired to leave the beautiful retreat he had chosen at Solona (now Spalatro in Dalmatia), and his answer to the "restless old man" Maximian, when solicited to reassume the reins of government, has been preserved by the younger Victor, and will be found in Gibbon. Eumenius says of him, "*At enim divinum illum virum, qui imperium et participavit et posuit, consilii et facti sui non pœnitet: nec amisisse se putat quod sponte transcripsit. Felix beatusque vere quem vestra, tantorum principium, colunt obsequia privatum.*" And Eutropius: "*Solus omnium, post conditum Romanum imperium, qui ex tanto fastigio sponte ad privatæ viæ statum civilitatemque remearet.*"

Royalty and taste, love of arts and nature, could surely not have chosen a more beautiful site, or adorned it more charmingly, than that selected by Dioclesian as the seat of his retirement.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY SMITH, ELDER AND CO.,
LITTLE GREEN ARBOUR COURT, OLD BAILEY, E.C.







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